

T
THE
HARP of HERMES.

Poems
By Tho Nicholls 7



L. Massey del.

*The tranquil Redbreast or at night, or morn.
Sings on the Bramble's bough nor heeds the Thorn.
So I, content, amidst the Brakes of Strife,
Lose in the sweets of Song, the Thorns of Life.*

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PREFACE.

THE Writer of this Bagatelle, in communicating the efforts of his unbent moments, has for his motives only to inform the juvenile mind, or ameliorate the bosom of obduracy, attachments which surely entitle him to a favorable reception: On this ground, the minstrel mounts his Pegasus, attempts to soar "within the reach of mortal ken," and leaves the rest to liberal criticism.

The Poet's wish is not to divert the fastidious; the unprejudiced, it is as much his delight to entertain, as it is his pride to imitate: The loose of morals are in no respect requested to draw upon this little bank of melody, as not a line will be found to answer the demands of wanton levity.

His political sentiments may give offence to those who respect their country only from pecuniary expectancy, or a slavish attachment to executive authority; the principles of such beings are his aversion, and they can never have his amity, the true *Amor Patriæ* must be ever his; and sooner than contribute to the selfish and unnatural propensities of those, he would add to their disappointments.

PREFACE.

If, by the rational measures of the Muse, one lover of Harmony be better qualified for social intercourse, the Writer's wish will be accomplished, and he seeks no higher gratification.

To the admirers of Philanthropy, and to the Sons and Daughters of Candour, the Bard consecrates his varied Song, and at their feet alone, with the greatest respect and cheerfulness, leaves his "Harp strung in the Haunts of Solitude,"

Like that by HERMES to crown'd PHŒBUS given;
Who sang on Earth of things approv'd in Heav'n.

TO THE PSEUDO-CRITIC.

A Bard, with SOL, for Judgment left his Book,
SOL beckon'd to an half starv'd Critic standing nigh,
"Here," (cry'd the God) throughout this Volume look,
And yield with candour, all it's Merits, by-and-by;
The work perform'd, Sir Critic, like a Carle unkind,
Yields all the bad, and keeps the good conceal'd behind:

"Now," (quoth the God) receive this new thrash'd Wheat,
Go! separate the offal from the purer grain,
And Critic, when thy labour is compleat,
SOL shall reward thee equal to thy care and pain:
This task is done—SOL keeps his word, and with a laugh
Reserves the Grain, and pays the Critic Wasp—the Chaff.

APPLICATION.

Critics, observe—nor where unmeet complain,
With candour censure—and prefer the Grain.

CARRAVAGGIO.

CARRAVAGGIO;
OR,
THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF AVARICE;

INSCRIBED TO
BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. R. A.

AND
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
" And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

" Humility has long been ranked with the Virtues, and modest Merit held out as a principle for our admiration and applause; of course, then, they deserve Public reward who possess these qualities. Let us look into Society, and see how they are generally compensated, we behold meritorious accomplishments too often languishing in obscurity and wretchedness; while the untutored, daring, and aspiring worthless, fill the most conspicuous and profitable stations; a proof, in spite of our boasted civilization and liberality, of the want of justice, and of our Gothic barbarity."

CARRAVAGGIO.

OPPRESS'D with furly Poverty and woe
The man of modest Merit rises flow;
Full many an evil day succeeding day,
Appears to scatter brambles in his way;
Should he, perchance, pass o'er the thorny track,
Some ugly Fiend is near to pluck him back;
While artful Knaves, and those of Folly's train,
Ascend with ease the shining hills of gain:
Glide smooth thro' life, and seldom sigh to find
One pointed thorn to rankle in the mind.
E'en thus, at vernal tide, the partial show'r
Neglects the root that bears the fruitful flow'r;
To spread its drops upon the barren wild,
Where never fruit was seen, or blossom smil'd.

Ye sons of BRITAIN quit the rich regale,
And list awhile to an Italian Tale;
An humble Painter of Misfortune's throng,
Pursu'd by Av'rice, swells the tuneful song.
No title waited CARRAVAGGIO's birth,
Fate dealt him Genius, of the highest worth;
Nature gave health, to aid his mental pow'rs,
And strew'd his cradle with her fairest flow'rs;
Discernment led him as his sand-glass ran,
And taste, and beauty, dignify'd the man.
Some faults had he, but what of these, my friend?
Before we censure let us learn to mend;
Who claims perfection, still shall Truth offend:
His pleasing form the genial Queen survey'd,
And, smiling, prais'd the work her hand had made!

(How sad to show on the recording scroll!)

Pride leagu'd with Envy, frown'd, and damn'd the whole.

The keen ey'd Eagle still delights to soar
Far o'er the way the Cuckoo wing'd before;
Spurns at the clouds, as mists beneath his care,
Mounts to the Sun, and draws empyreal air:
Tho' Pride may sicken at his glorious rise,
Tho' Envy strive to pluck him from the skies;
His way he takes, nor heeds an host of foes,
Looks down on meanness, nor a fear bestows;
So flew the youth where Raphael wing'd before,
To cull from Nature's still exhaustless store;
Like RAPHAEL scorn'd the foes who mark'd his flight,
And strove to set his morning sun in night;
But ah! at length a powerful fiend assail'd,
Pursu'd his adverse track, and there prevail'd:
How persecuted, and how low he fell,
Be that the Muse's friendly care to tell:
COLUMBIAN WEST! a brother's fate attend,
Whose toils, like thine, shall flourish to the end;
Whose high deserts the sons of Taste shall own,
'Till fades the prism, and its tints unknown.

Thus, all that elevates the mind to please,
Was CARRAVAGGIO's, but a life at ease;
His scanty purse still made his wants depend
On the rude caprice of some seeming friend;
Full oft that mercy which should more abound,
His wrongs expected, and but seldom found;
Like the blind bard of Greece, from town to town,
For food he wander'd heedless of renown;
Like Homer's song, his taste the crowd surpris'd,
But most, like him, for Poverty despis'd;
Whene'er his stomach urg'd its wonted claim,
His pencil painted ere the dinner came;

The

The dinner ended he could scarce tell where
 The ev'ning meal, or morning mess to share.
 No gentle Patron CARRAVAGGIO knew,
 Patrons to men of merit are but few;
 Who such would find, perhaps, may hit his aim,
 Where Pimps and Gamester's fill the courts of shame;
 Or, where the villain (crime the most abhor'd),
 Bends to the fancy of some beastly Lord;
 There Patrons stand, with Pensions! Places! Gold!
 While Virtue, bare-foot, braves the winter's cold;
 Be Pimp, be Catamite, spurn nature's rules,
 Such must succeed while Fortune favours fools.

PRUDENCE, a guide the wise are proud to own,
 And CARRAVAGGIO were but seldom known;
 If she set off to cheer him as a friend,
 They surely parted ere the journey's end;
 For cross their way a smiling goddess came,
 And charming Liberality her name;
 Prudence and she, if Plenty fail to smile,
 Seldom agree upon the road a mile:
 Unknown to Flatt'ry, or the cringing art,
 Vices that never taint the noble heart;
 The gates of Palaces where fawners flock,
 Refus'd their hinges to the Painter's knock;
 One mode had he, if wrong the wise decide,
 The fault inclines the most to Virtue's side:
 He held, what flatt'ry fears,—A MANLY PRIDE!

A Roman Noble heard the Painter's name,
 Loud sounding thro' the trump of honest Fame;
 Invites the Artift to his princely home,
 To trace historic scenes around the dome;
 The raptur'd genius all his skill displays,
 And many a tasteful bosom came to gaze;
 For ev'ry touch portray'd a theme for praise.

Till

'Till envious grown, like some base knave we know,
 Some scoundrel Artist work'd his overthrow;
 And now the Lordling, insolent and rude,
 Rewards his merits with ingratitude;
 Of others learns to wound the gen'rous youth,
 Himself incompetent to Taste or Truth:
 Fir'd with resentment at the bashless man,
 He left unfinish'd all his art began;
 Such high presumption rais'd the gall of pow'r,
 And persecution broke his peaceful hour.
 From Rome's fam'd city to far distant skies,
 Away the injured CARRAVAGGIO flies,
 To seek that succour Insolence denies.
 Friendless he scuds from black revenge and pride,
 To find that bread less worthy hands divide;
 A glowing palette and a bosom gay,
 Were all the treasures he could bear away;
 A radiant genius all sublime and chaste,
 Correct as RAPHAEL, brilliant Prince of TASTE!
 These were alone the anchor of his Hope,
 With selfish worldlings but a sand-form'd rope;
 A coin so light in Av'rice' greedy eye,
 That he offends who strives with such to buy:
 A species that no superscription bears,
 Where Ign'rance stands to vend her doubtful wares;
 There urge the coin tho' hunger pale the face,
 She shakes the head and puts it by as base;
 There talk of Taste, no other Taste they own,
 Than that to ev'ry creeping creature known:
 From crawls where Hottentots on garbage dine,
 From Libia's tygers, to the filthy swine.

Thus lowly circumstanc'd Worth took his Way,
 Tow'rd where SICILIA's pride, MESSINA, lay,
 Nor yet he thought upon the want of store,
 His pencil promis'd still to furnish more;

And

And this he fancy'd would supply him wealth
 Enough for pleasure, elegance, and health;
 Some days were flown, when all his flow'ry schemes,
 His air-built castles, and his waking dreams
 Like light'ning vanish'd, while a pilgrim gaunt
 O'ertook the trav'ler, and his name was WANT:
 No fopling he, for now with accent rude,
 WANT hails the man, nor blushes to intrude;
 Fain had the Artist shun'd the hateful guest,
 In vain he strove for still by WANT oppress'd,
 All pale he listen'd as the churl address'd.

“ Well overtaken, pray thee, slack thy pace,
 My form shall wait thee to thy destin'd place;
 Thou seem'st amaz'd, what means thy wild surprize?
 Thy cheeks are pallid, and all dim thine eyes;
 I know the cause, thy quiv'ring limbs confess
 'Tis Want, the elder brother of Distress.
 But know, proud Sir, since I thy haunts have found,
 WANT shall attend to wheresoe'er thou'rt bound;”
 The trav'ler hears, to heav'n sends up a sigh,
 And begs to move the Dæmon from his eye.
 A low-built Inn, along the way-side stood,
 Cover'd with thatch, and patch'd with plates of wood;
 Thither he went, to sooth his fainting breast,
 To lose, if possible, his frightful guest;
 The Major Domo of the humble cell,
 Soon saw him enter, and survey'd him well;
 A troop of doubts perplex'd Old SCOREWELL's mind,
 Whether to frown, or treat the stranger kind;
 For long deep practis'd to take heedful note,
 He judg'd not ev'ry trav'ler by his coat,
 Or CARRAVAGGIO's being gaily new,
 Had taught the Landlord all was good and true;
 'Twas the torn prospect of his worn out shoes,
 Arrests his tongue, and made him wait to muse,

The

The tatter'd shoe that wants the needful heal,
 Ill recommends the hungry to a meal ;
 At length (some friendly Spirit wav'd the rod
 For Int'rest only was the Landlord's God.)
 The host resolv'd, and now with visage gay,
 Requests his pleasure in the fawning way ;
 Bring me, quoth CARRAVAGGIO, with an air,
 A cheering bottle, and some right good fare,
 Serve it in strait, my stomach's call appease,
 And deal the weary renovating ease ;
 WANT heard the sound, he saw the table spread,
 And like a surly mastiff, snarl'd and fled.

The meal now over, and the cloth remov'd,
 Still, still, the trav'ler claim'd the juice belov'd ;
 The wondering host supply'd the frequent call,
 And as his int'rest taught, partook of all
 With merry chat, and many a gambol gay,
 They drain the flask, and wear the time away ;
 New heap the fire till pass'd the ev'ning's close,
 The trav'ler sought the cushions of repose.

Bright morn arose (a morning big with ill)
 For SCOREWELL enter'd with his ample bill ;
 Obsequious bending, 'twas his usual way,
 Then gave the scroll that told the sum to pay.

Once on the winding Po's enamel'd side,
 The light'ning struck a Shepherd's artless bride,
 Where bloom'd the rose, the lilly'd cheek is seen,
 And the pale form sunk nerveless on the green ;
 So look the Artist when Old SCOREWELL came,
 And held the scribbled ensign of his claim :
 At length, reviving, thus was heard to say,
 " By Heav'n, mine Host, I want the means to pay."

" What's

"What's to be done, the surly Landlord cry'd,
 You part not hence 'till I am satisfy'd."
 Now lou'd his fable brows, his eye-balls roll
 As the big tempest gathers in his soul,
 Like thunder bursting from a gloomy cloud,
 Eyes flashing fire among the list'ning crowd,
 Bereft of Pity, recollection gone,
 SCOREWELL, the spawn of AV'RICE, thus went on,
 "Curse on the fate of publicans" (say I)
 There's no profession borne beneath the sky
 So doom'd like mine, we are the very slaves
 Of hungry gluttons, and of thirsty knaves.
 Why did'st thou dare presume to enter here,
 And lordlike call about thee for my cheer?
 Knowing of coin thou'd'st none, for know thou must,
 What Wine-man yet did e'er give trav'ler trust?
 Thou art some artful rogue, some way-side man,
 Who hides in bushes only to trepan
 Some swindling thief, for whom the gibbets groan,
 Who feast on all men's labours but thine own;
 Could'st thou not rob thine hunger to allay?
 A thousand travellers have pass'd to-day,
 No! thou of courage hast no single spark,
 Thy thefts are always-manag'd in the dark;
 The good wife's linen from the lines you strip,
 Or hen-roosts rob, or into pockets dip;
 But I'll revenge me quickly of such trash,
 The beadle on thy ribs shall lay his lash:
 "Go fetch him strait," he to his beldam cry'd,
 When CARRAVAGGIO thus in turn reply'd:
 "Patience, mine Host, thou shalt be satisfy'd,
 Come, set thee down, and let suspicion fly,
 Smooth thy dark brow, and lay thine anger by;
 No way-side man am I, no midnight thief,
 But hear my tale, and change thy rude belief;

" A Painter poor I live, ROME knows my fame,
 And hence may boast of CARRAVAGGIO's name;
 Banish'd by her ingratitude, I roam
 To find employment, and a kinder home:
 Such is the man who wants the means to pay,
 Then calm thy rage, and let the beadle stay;
 Thy faded sign my pencil shall renew,
 And give so fair a picture to the view,
 That all who've taste to love the lib'ral arts,
 Shall stop astonish'd, that in these rude parts,
 A work of genius, fit for kings to store,
 Should grace the sign-post of a wine-house door;
 This shall secure thee in a little space,
 Ten times the bill thou'rt thrusting to my face."
 " The mode I like not, (furly SCOREWELL cry'd,)
 Yet, take the sign and let thy skill be try'd,
 To have in part is wise, however small,
 Than tamely set down to relinquish all."

Down came the sign, and now the palette glows
 With ev'ry tint gay Iris' arch bestows,
 The bold struck contour meets Old SCOREWELL's eyes,
 And now a group of well rang'd forms arise,
 The Gospel Traveller who fell 'mongst thieves,
 The painter's open lineaments receives,
 Yielding relief, he drew (so claim'd his plan)
 In colours strong, the good SAMARITAN;
 And in the rude and cruel Levite's face,
 Rough SCOREWELL's homely features all might trace,
 So like the brute, whoever saw would cry,
 " That's meant for SCOREWELL, mark his fiery eye;"
 The picture finish'd in a master's way,
 Conspicuous hung to meet the face of day,
 In hopes to catch the lib'ral trav'ler's sight,
 And yield the Landlord all his soul's delight;

Now

Now, CARRAVAGGIO, for his task was done,
 Left the course hovel with the setting sun,
 T'wards fair MESSINA, sadly took his way,
 Without one cheering thought to make him gay:
 Some days were past, sweet CLIO sings of twain,
 When for Messina with a gallant train
 Two British Nobles, by the Inn-yard took,
 ESSEX the one, the other brave DE BROOK;
 They note the sign that grac'd the road-way side,
 And swift the master's pencil was descry'd;
 They stop, alight, the supple Host attends,
 And bending low, gives welcome to his friends;
 The princely guests enraptur'd stay to gaze,
 Find RAPHAEL'S *tints*, and CARRAVAGGIO'S *traits*;
 A contest rose between the noble pair,
 What master's hand had been so busy there;
 As none more likely seem'd their doubts to clear,
 The Host was ask'd what Artist had been near;
 The subtle Wine-man told of all he knew,
 Describ'd the Painter, all his manners drew,
 And grown sarcastic, told the wretch was poor,
 And drew the sign to pay a drinking score;
 More he had told, but ESSEX felt the flame
 Of Pity at the hapless Painter's name,
 Drew forth the purse, and many a ducklet spread,
 To buy the gem that grac'd the lowly shed;
 Th' obsequious Host could not resist the gold,
 Approv'd the offer, and the sign was sold;
 'Twas first secur'd, then borne away in haste,
 To grace the polish'd cabinet of TASTE.

AV' RICE, insatiate dæmon, was at hand,
 And by old SCOREWELL'S elbow took his stand;
 E'en as he counted o'er the shining store,
 The fiend thus council'd him to make it more.

" My son, in truth, it was a lucky day,
 When CARRAVAGGIO came awhile to stay ;
 This glitt'ring offspring of the golden mine,
 The Painter brought thee for his fair design ;
 Go, make it more—why laughing do'st thou stand,
 I'll point the way—the means are here at hand ;
 Mount thou thy Mule, go quickly, take the road,
 Seek CARRAVAGGIO in some night abode ;
 And when thou'st found this man of merit out,
 Spare not a little perch to catch a trout,
 Feast him with dainties, and e'er this is done,
 Let all thy praises on his genius run ;
 Present him money—ply him well with wine,
 With soothing words, strive hard to make him thine,
 Then shall he turn and paint the pictures store,
 And draw the idle spendthrift to thy door ;
 By this wise conduct in a little space,
 Thou shalt become the richest in the place ;
 And when thou'st treasure got, it heeds not how,
 Those shall carefs, who most insult thee now ;
 The faucy knave, who braves thee to thy face,
 Shall d'off the hat and bow to do thee grace ;
 Go then—get riches—honest, if you can,
 If not, my son, let getting be thy plan ;
 Go—mount thy Mule, and quickly find him out,
 A trifle turns the scale that hangs in doubt."

Old SCOREWELL heard—and like the dæmon's lore,
 For all his soul was fix'd on getting more ;
 He mounts his mule, and wherefoe'er he came,
 With busy tongue, enquires this son of Fame ;
 All day he rode, and the succeeding day,
 But found no CARRAVAGGIO by the way ;
 At night he rests, resolving to be up,
 Before the dew-drop, left the hare bell's cup ;

At

Before the nightly clouds afar were driv'n,
Or the sweet lark address'd his song to heav'n.

Bright morn arose, the wretch his way pursues,
And saw, what calls up sorrow in the Muse,
O'ercome with grief, resentment, and despair,
And ugly WANT, who erst had wrought his care,
Poor CARRAVAGGIO by the road-side lay
Stretch'd a cold, lifeless corse of pallid clay;
No friendly form stood ready by to spread
A shrouding mantle o'er the silent dead;
No gentle creature near to heave a sigh,
Or drop the pearly treasure of the eye,
Save one—(let flinty AV'RICE blush to hear)
The surly Wine-man's pitying cur was near,
Either by instinct, or, 'twas Heav'n's high plan,
The tender dog strait recogniz'd the man;
And what his master's iron heart denies,
Kiss'd his pale face, and kindly clos'd his eyes,
Thus fell a blossom on the barren waste,
Whose sweets perfum'd the spendid courts of taste;
By AV'RICE, thus neglected Merit fell,
Genius! that pleas'd th' admiring world, how we'll
Let ROME! let NAPLES! and MESSINA tell.

Thus fell the youth to whom a glow was given,
Like thine COLUMBIAN-WEST, the glow from Heav'n;
Go Fortune's sons where fainting Genius sighs,
And mount up modest Merit to the skies,
By such pursuits, you act the sage's part,
Enrich your country, and her schools of art;
Go then, nor let for bread one Artist moan,
To give him, dead, a monumental stone;
To playful Genius open lib'ral stores,
And future WESTS shall grace the BRITISH shores.

TO
MENTAL TASTE.

SYLPH of the murm'ring Bee's melifluent hive,
Come! with thy treasures dignify my song:
While vernal beauties on the hills survive,
To court soft kisses from the light-wing'd throng;
As of their chequer'd comb you sweetly tell,
And point Euclidean wisdom to the eye;
Or sing each angle, curve, or parallel—
Be't mine, O Taste sublime! to listen by,
While elements more gross absorb the steril mind
Of Pride, to feather'd trifles and to Fools inclin'd.

Let me, with thee, the day-born scene explore,
And grace my tablets with the tinted sky;
Or on the mossy down, or on the rocky shore
That shews a wreck, the stranded vessel nigh—
Or where the willows skirt the glassy stream,
Reflecting Heav'n and all the charms of morn—
Or where the ploughman whistles to his team,
As June's gay mantle spreads the vocal thorn;
Till charm'd, O Taste! with that celestial glow
The mercenary sons of Mammon never know.

Or where the hills, once steril to behold,
Now wave their vocal branches to the eye;
Or dress'd with bloom that dims the burnish'd gold;
Or berries tempting with carnation dye;
Or hand-in-hand sweet charmer let us rove
Thro' SHENSTON's Leafows, or to HAGLEY gay,
Where Nature's Poet sang of Delia's love,
And LITTELTON his pure elegiac lay;

'Till

'Till ravish'd with what playful Art and Nature dealt,
A bliss that Folly never knew, or Tyrant felt.

As Nature's treasures, let me Art's survey,
What Phidias sculptur'd, what Corrigio drew;
Or listen to great Shakespear's deathless lay,
To Virtue just, and still to Nature true:
And as thy soul, sweet Taste! pervades my frame,
A bliss to sons of Worth, supremely great,
Let me, or feel the burning blush of shame,
To kindred worth that bliss communicate:
For, like the niggard, to accumulate and save,
Is to unmerit all that lib'ral Nature gave.

O Mental Taste! that lights the Star of truth,
Where calm Philosophy's a cure for strife;
From error clear the judgments of my youth,
Nor quit me down the chequer'd vale of life;
Lead where the brilliant beams of Heav'n diffuse
Prismatic splendor o'er the wings of Time;
Or where the blue-ey'd Astronomic Muse
Sings to Eternity her theme Divine:
And more, O Taste! mount thou my soul on Fancy's wing,
In blest Empyrean realms to soar with thee and sing.

With thee descending from Ætherial dies,
Ne'er let my pencil trace the immoral line;
The Mundane Ore let flinty Meanness prize,
A blest benevolence be ever mine;
Though cruel Calumny may wound the ear,
She who maligns the sainted innocent—
O Taste Divine! if thou but hover near,
I'll live to conscience, and I'll die content:
For all without thee, is to me a worthless waste;
Then, come! and live my love, fair cherub! Mental Taste.

TO
CORPOREAL TASTE.

HENCE, sensual Taste, of foul Charibdis' train,
Doze in the cradles of a dull excess;
Or, loud with mis'ry, to the Fates complain
Of raging pangs no med'cine can repress:
Thy fav'rites are a group, my soul's disdain,
The Parish wardens to all cleanness lost,
Gorging the tythe, the poor request in vain,
For ever feeding at another's cost:
Keep thee afar, more foul than Scylla to mine eye,
Health's certain foe, carbuncled Sensuality!

Lodge thee in haunts for Epicurus made,
Where rosy Temp'rance never deigns to sit;
Where richest Turtle for the guests is laid,
Season'd with sack and Aldermanic wit;
Or, where huge pamper'd Priests all gratis feed,
And gormandize without a ray of shame,
Like fable flies about the cells of need,
On what the modest Muse forbears to name.
Avaunt foul Taste, and herd with gloomy things like these,
Who nurse the nine-times swaddled Gout, unknown to ease.

And while entrenched to thy greasy chin,
By all the Luxuries thine art can name;
More than a *quantum sufficit* take in,
Till thy distended stomach speaks thy shame;
Or, like the glutton Leach sink stupid down;
Or, wine inflamed, without the generate pow'r,
Claim thou the wanton beauty of the town;
Or, sigh for Sylvia in the Cyprian bow'r:
Still on that god, thy belly, waste a lordlike store,
Till scrofula invade, and spread thy carcase o'er.

Whilst

Whilst I, at noon, along the peaceful mead,
 Stoop to the rill, and frequent slake my thirst;
 Or, on the wild fruits of the mountain feed,
 Or browse, content, upon my wheaten crust;
 Led on by Health, who keeps the senses clear,
 I'll timely seek the pillows of repose,
 And keep my frame, for many a rolling year,
 From all thy sad accumulating woes:
 This be my choice thro' life, all temperate and chaste,
 Whilst thou in habits gross, indulge, intemp'rate Taste!

Go, let the midnight spicy bowl inflame,
 And sing lewd sonnets to the wanton ear;
 And laugh with fools, who decency disclaim,
 And glory in the injured virgin's tear;
 Replenish still, and waste thy precious store,
 Give to the wine-man, at one sitting, give
 Enough to clothe an hundred shiv'ring poor;
 Enough to bid the famish'd, feed and live:
 Hence then sensual Taste, to bashless brothels go,
 And do what I should blush to name, and sigh to know.

Not that I hate thee, when with Temp'rance seen,
 Corporeal Taste, then thou art dear to me;
 No nauseate qualms spread sickly o'er the mein,
 Light heaves the bosom to digestion free;
 The form is dignified by thy controul,
 Swift soars the Muse the heights the fages sought,
 Sings nature's wonders wide, from pole to pole,
 With all the fire of energetic thought;
 Still sweetly sings her comment on the ample whole,
 Till to the great first cause up mounts the ravish'd soul,

Go, whelp of Folly, hide thy purple face,
 These are rare myst'ries, unmeet for thee;
 Hence to the feast, and take thy wonted place
 Between Excess and bloated LUXURY;

Feed on thy costly cates, thy pamper'd fare
 Heliogabalus at once out vie;
 But ah! Corporeal Taste, at once beware,
 Lest like the bloated king, you feast to die;
 Leaving this tale behind, by Scylla's sons admir'd,
 He lov'd to feed, full well, and at the board expired.

Hence from the bosom of the spotless maid;
 Hence with thy foetid breath, and never proye
 The mystic joys of Hymen's sacred shade
 The matchless charms of unpolluted love:

Suits it with decency to bind the rose
 To sickly nightshade or the toadstool foul?
 Sweets and impurities were ever foes;
 The sky-lark blends not with the stupid owl:
 For ever go, with langour view thy burthen'd plate,
 And rob thy precious life of half it's wonted date.

Or should old age o'ertake thee in thy way;
 A feeble, tott'ring, sad unnerv'd fool
 Shall sickly crawl before the beams of day,
 The certain badge of dissipation's school,
 Till some more friendly paralytic stroke
 Strike all thy senses to awake no more;
 And thy sad story swell the drunkard's joke,
 As thou hast sung of fools you knew before;
 Whilst I, less partial to the sensual knife,
 Slip like a full ripe nut the wint'ry shell of Life.

SOLAR PROGRESS.

TO A SCEPTIC.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
 "Are but the varied God: the rolling year
 "Is full of thee."

THOMSON.

HOW can the stubborn Sceptic cry
 The Child of CHANCE, Uncertainty,
 Governs yon train of golden spheres,
 When all he sees and all he hears
 Sing out, one great Omnipotent soul
 In neatest order leads the whole?
 What time Sol bids the oak-buds swell,
 'Till Autumn's acorns slip the shell.

Sceptic, survey this wond'rous plan
 Since the bright reign of TIME began,
 And sure thou'lt leave thy doubts with shame—
 CHANCE never can be still the same.
 Hand lock'd in hand, a smiling train,
 Fast link'd to form an endless chain,
 Unceasing dance to Phoebus' lyre,
 To time advance, to time retire.

First the God from Taurus' beams,
 And life and beauty dress the streams,
 While mingling odours swiftly rise,
 With music fit to greet the skies
 To topmost boughs gay blossoms run,
 To hail their Lord, the welcome Sun;
 All creation join to sing
 The bless'd return of genial SPRING.

And now more vertical his ray,
 Warms bloom to fruits, and lengthens day;
 O'er pays the Farmer's prudent care,
 By spreading PLENTY ev'ry where;
 Hills, Vales, and gay Hortulan ground;
 Birds, Flocks, and all that utter sound;
 The Fly, the Beetle from his clod,
 Look up to own the SUMMER's God!

And now where hangs the even scales,
 His kindly mellowing beam prevails,
 To give the grain its golden hue;
 To paint the plumb with heav'nly blue;
 To make the grape a luscious treat;
 To deal our cups pomacious sweet:
 His bless'd AUTUMNAL mission done,
 All's perfect which the God begun.

Stern WINTER now succeeds apace,
 Cold tears bedew sad Nature's face;
 Her vernal honours droop to die,
 Frosts bind her streams, and tempests fly;
 No comfort's left the soul to raise,
 Save the juice from Autumn's vase;
 Conscious Phœbus gives us this,
 And friendship turns our woes to bliss.

Yet, WINTER, though he clouds our sky,
 And spreads around deformity,
 Revivifies the sod for Spring,
 Or who at harvest-home could sing?
 Thus kind Sol in one true round,
 Unknown to CHANGE, to order bound,
 Perfects his great Creator's plan,
 And all for what?—The Sceptic Man.

Blush,

Blush, blockhead, blush! or rather cry,
The fault is mine—implore the sky,
And own each change bright Phœbus brings,
From one almighty fiat springs;
Confessing this, thou'rt led by force
To sing the wise Omnific source;
Thy heart expands, and in thy song
Thou'lt own thou'lt been a fool too long.

A CONTEST

BETWEEN

LOVE AND WINE

DECIDED BY

REASON.

WHEN the Rose dealt its sweets to the regent of day,
The Queen of soft wishes, and Bacchus the gay,
Met blithe round the board with a flask of the best,
Where WIT, in good humour, sat down as a guest;
Till Bacchus presum'd on the powers of his wine,
Swore the colour was matchless, the essence divine,
That it brighten'd the theme of the Muse from above,
And quicken'd with fervour the efforts of love.

Correcting his vaunts with the fire of her eye,
ASTARTE grew warm, as she rose to reply;
From lips breathing love, her soft words ever clear,
Like a hon-y-dew fell to enrapture the ear;
Her hand, like the lilly the vernal Bee sips,
With fingers a-kin to the tints of her lips;
In haste she uplifted, his goblet beat down,
And thus sweetly sung 'twixt a smile and a frown:

“Rash

"Rash SEMELUS's son, hence thy boasting forbear;
 Nor the pow'rs of thy vintage with Beauty's compare;
 No objects more differ, by candour survey'd,
 Not the earth from the sky, nor the sun from the shade;
 In spite of the liquor that flows from your urn,
 Venus governs all nature wherever we turn;
 She rules o'er the despot, she bends down the brave,
 Gives sense to the clown, and relief to the slave.

"Not a king upon earth, tho' the proudest he be,
 But steals from his throne to do homage to me;
 To Love, thro' the world sweeter offerings arise,
 Than to Jove, or to any behest of the skies;
 To Venus the am'rous their wishes impart,
 And fully display all the stores of the heart;
 To me have wall'd cities their bulwarks unbar'd,
 And bow'd to my charms with implicit regard."

"'Tis granted (said BACCHUS) but what of all this,
 'Tis only to idle, to fondle and kiss;
 Let the Lover still sigh at your feet and implore,
 The juice of my goblet does twenty times more;
 I quiet the shrew when the vixen grows still,
 And often do more than a medical pill;
 I'm a balm to the bosom with troubles oppress'd,
 Give life to the dull, to infirmities rest."

With eyes still inflam'd, all vermilion'd her cheek,
 More warm grew the Queen, and forbade him to speak;
 "That pow'r (cry'd ASTARTE) you prize above mine,
 Could once turn the friends of Ulysses to swine;
 To deeds most inglorious your vet'ries have stoop'd,
 Priests, Sages, and Monarchs, by wine have been dup'd;
 The vile you make worse, the dull mortal more sad;
 In brief, thou hast power to do all that is bad.

The

The god saw the furies were ent'ring her breast;
 So begg'd for a moment to wave the contest;
 But Venus determin'd the boaster should vex,
 Still shew'd what it is to contend with the sex;
 Talk'd much of his pranks; and said this with abuse:
 " Fell poison lurks under the sweets of your juice;"
 To the tongue of ASTARTE in vain he reply'd,
 "Till heaven-born REASON came down to decide.

Unable to bear her reproach, FOLLY fled
 Along the wide path worn by ERROR's rude tread;
 The VICES in terror flew swiftly away,
 As SHADOWS of NIGHT from the presence of DAY;
 Dark DULLNESS stole off so much sweetness to shun,
 Like dew from the Rose when it's kiss'd by the sun:
 The Mother of Love with each heart-cheering grace,
 Left her seat with a smile and to REASON gave place.

Her aspect was mild as an Infant's new born,
 Yet pleasing to all as the beams of the morn;
 " Give o'er, (sang the Cherub), let REASON define,
 The diff'rence 'twixt Love and the GOD of the vine;
 Bright parent of nature 'tis plain to the view,
 Thou giv'st Harmony birth, and existence renew;
 Without Love must the world be a station of pain,
 Creation dissolve, and all chaos again.

" Delight of the heav'ns, with REASON combin'd,
 Like a god you inspire, and enlighten the mind;
 You humble the proudest, the Sage you confute,
 Melt the flint of old age, and the breast of the brute;
 All teeming the waves of the sea own thy worth,
 The air sings thy pow'r, and the bosom of earth;
 All, all, mighty Love! kiss thy feet with esteem,
 Or above, or below, thou'rt acknowledg'd supreme."

Discontented,

Discontented, young Bacchus straight turn'd to the plain,
 "For REASON (he cry'd) was both partial and vain;
 "Yet stay, (said the honey-tongu'd deity), pray,
 For REASON has something for Bacchus to say;
 The juice of the grape when by REASON apply'd,
 Enraptures the heart, and bids sorrows subside;
 Gives spirits to mirth more than titles or wealth,
 Warms the tide of the veins, and productive of health."

The god bow'd to REASON with looks of esteem,
 Told VENUS 'twas true, and confess'd her supreme;
 Her cherry lips kiss'd with immortal delight,
 And commended the Queen for supporting her right;
 Now clasping the balm-breathing fair in his arms,
 Swore by Heav'n 'twas dull to contend with such charms;
 Thus Bacchus hence forward shall speak of thy worth,
 VENUS governs in æther, the sea, and the earth.

She mounted her car with a troop of young loves,
 And strew'd, as she fled, bloom and fruits on our groves;
 The god caught his Thyrsis, and grasping his reins,
 Like a sun-beam flew after, and these were his strains:
 "Unknown be to Britain pestiferous gales,
 Herbiferous thy mountains, may Peace crown thy vales;
 LOVE, FREEDOM, and BEAUTY, for ever be thine,
 And thy Fair bow to REASON when passions combine."

TO THE
PORTRAIT SIDE OF MY
SOLITARY GUINEA.

WHILE spendthrifts and misers deserve not thy touch,
For loving too little, or doating too much;
To thee golden Brunswick, whose image we prize,
Beyond titles, or birth, and some more than the skies,
To thee shall thy master his rapture display,
And thy praise be the theme of a jocular lay.

Thou second best blessing on this side the grave,
Form'd to soften the despot, to ransom the slave;
The pleasure my heart feels is equall'd by none,
While thy face I survey, and can call thee my own;
Secure will I keep thee, as Hawk in a mews,
To deal me a dinner when niggards refuse.

Thou fair piece of mintage, by tyrants 'tis said,
The pow'rs of the Sov'reign, the subjects should dread,
But for thee, thou bright circle, pray what's all his pow'r?
'Tis a small drop of rain, when compar'd with the show'r,
An atom, a grain, when we think on the whole,
Or an object far less than the eye of the mole.

Without thee, who would lead out his armies to fight?
Conduct his marine, and keep watch day and night?
Thy face, kind companion, we toil to behold,
Bear the heat of the Line, and of Lapland the cold,
The spurns of the haughty, and sometimes disgrace
From an insolent ass in a government place.

E

Thou

Thou neatly mill'd Guinea, I'll treasure thee long,
 For thy sound to mine ear's a delectable song;
 Thou'rt always a comfort, whatever my grief;
 The gentle physician that brings me relief;
 May the blockhead that treats so much worth with contempt,
 Lament thee with tears when his pocket's exempt.

When the dæmons of passion have ruff'd her mind,
 'Tis thy soothing can ever make Phillida kind;
 Though her eyes urge a tempest, thy delicate form
 Can smother the lightning, and silence the storm,
 Transform the fierce vulture to coo like the dove,
 And melt her all gentle to rapture and love.

What is there on earth to resist thee an hour?
 The Church knows thy magic, the King owns thy pow'r;
 The Law at thy presence discovers new flaws,
 While thine eloquence gives to the rascal the cause,
 In vain shall the people lament to be free,
 Since Kings, Lords, and Commons, are govern'd by thee.

Thro' life may thy Poet still meet thine esteem,
 On the couch of content of Elysium he'll dream,
 No more feel the rod of Adversity's school,
 No more bear the huff of the dignify'd fool;
 O thou that can rule over Bishops *divine!!!*
 Still lean to thy poet, for ever be mine.

O let me not sparingly sing of thy worth,
 Sweet linguist that speaks ev'ry tongue upon earth;
 While thou'rt lord of my purse, I am met with respect,
 Without thee, I'm thun'd by the fool with neglect;
 O bear me, bright comfort, quite out to the end,
 Thou best of Companions! Physician! and Friend!

With

With thee in my pocket, I'll walk by a Peer,
 Nor be aw'd by his star, nor be hurt by his sneer;
 With a heart ever guiltless, still favour'd by thee,
 If not quite so high, I'm as happy as he;
 Hence mine be the needful, I would not be cram'd,
 And the knave who may scorn me, may scorn and be —.

THE

SHIPWRECK'D BOY.

MIDST Lightning swift flashing, while thunder burst loud,
 The sea toss'd the vessel's top-mast to the cloud,
 Descending she struck, on a sharp sunken rock,
 And parted ('midst horrible shrieks) at the shock,
 No pow'r was at hand from the tempest to save,
 So the whole were entomb'd in a wat'ry grave,
 Save one on a plank, Fate forbore to destroy,
 In despair reach'd the shore, *a poor shipwreck'd boy.*

Wet, trembling, and fainting, he 'rose from the strand,
 Borne up by a stake Chance had left for his hand;
 After wringing his locks, he survey'd the new scene,
 For the storm was gone by, and the heav'ns serene;
 T'ward the hills now he looks, sees a cottage to please,
 For the white smoke of plenty curl'd thro' the thick trees,
 Hope brighten'd his face with the sun-beams of joy,
 And away for the cot bent *the poor shipwreck'd boy.*

The dame saw him coming, and flew to the latch,
 Her daughters and sons plac'd themselves at the hatch;
 The lad 'gan his tale, with a heart-rending sigh,
 And points to the wreck with a tear in each eye;

For fond recollection disturb'd his kind breast,
 And he felt for his shipmates the pang unexpress'd;
 Attention with pity the rusticks employ,
 And this was the song of *the poor shipwreck'd boy*.

“ No friend to protect me, no parent to guide,
 My parents and friends are all lost in the tide,
 Quite cold are their lips in yon pitiless brine,
 And the kiss of affection no more shall be mine.”
 Grief paus'd, and bright tears from the cottagers flow,
 E'en Tray hung his tail at the sonnet of woe;
 The kind hearted Red-breast, unheeding annoy,
 Pearch'd near the sad song of *the poor shipwreck'd boy*.

“ Scarce a thing have I sav'd from the terrible wreck,
 These trowsers all dripping, this shirt on my back
 Is the whole I can boast of—in pity then spare,
 And yield me that comfort you happily share.”
 Full swift as bright springs down the precipice flow,
 The hearts of the throng felt humanity's glow,
 Conducted to comforts productive of joy,
 And despair fled the breast of *the poor shipwreck'd boy*.

THE BULLFINCH'S-NEST.

LAST spring when the swallow return'd back again,
 And Flora with cowslips had mantled the plain,
 I ran to the fair one my heart most approves,
 To tell her of this, and how gay smil'd the groves;
 She welcom'd the tidings, and made me engage
 To furnish a *Bull-finch* to pipe in her cage.

In

One time, O! ye shepherds attend to the lay,
 I ne'er shall forget while there's bloom on the spray;
 A ram in the thicket had fasten'd his horn,
 And struggl'd, and baa'd, to be quit of the thorn;
 I ran to relieve him, and there I admir'd,
 A nest of those sweet ones my Phillis requir'd.

I took from the brake the dear innocent train,
 And delighted, to Phillis sped over the plain;
 The maid was directing the vine o'er her bow'r,
 To shield from the sun, and to keep off the show'r;
 The moment she saw me the boon she confess'd,
 And with rapture accepted the *Bull-finch's nest!*

(How strange the transition!) she look'd on the young,
 Her eye dropp'd a tear, pity flow'd from her tongue;
 Ah! Damon, she cry'd, with a heart-rending sigh,
 'Twould grieve me to death if these charmers should die;
 Tho' great should my care be to rear up the nest,
 The parent, my Shepherd, must cherish them best.

I kiss'd her for this, and commended the maid,
 We instantly fled with the nest to the shade;
 Where scarce had we plac'd it in safety again,
 When the finch came, all kindness, to cherish her train;
 My Phillis beheld, and with rapture confess'd
 That much might be learn'd from the *Bull-finch's nest.*

I told her, thro' life, it should be my delight,
 To copy the precepts display'd to my sight;
 And urg'd her that moment to tell me the day
 When at church she would promise to love and obey;
 Most sweetly she answer'd, and blush'd like the rose,
 "I leave that, my Shepherd, for you to disclose."

At length the day came when our silver-lock'd priest,
 From the cage of Impatience two lovers releas'd;
 The village bells rang, while the nymphs and the swains,
 At the pure fires of love forge Hymenial chains;
 Go ask in the hamlet, you'll find it confess'd,
 How Pity could ransom the *Bull-finch's nest*.

Altho' we've been wedded ten summers or more,
 'Tis true still I love her as well as before;
 The fury, Contention, ne'er enters her breast,
 She's as gentle to me as the finch to her nest:
 Ye swains when ye wander in search of a wife,
 I'd have you get such, and you're happy for life.

THE POSY;

OR,

REASON A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

THE beauties of Spring gayly cover'd the grove,
 All Nature was fragrancy, music, and love;
 When the maid of my bosom by Lycon was seen,
 To accept a sweet Posy from Dick of the Green:
 So soon as the tidings were whisper'd to me,
 I snatch'd up my crook, and fled over the lea;
 My lambkins I left to the care of poor tray,
 For I car'd for no creature but Phillis the gay.

With heart all on flutter, and frowning my brow,
 To think she so lightly regarded her vow;
 Loud murmur'd, I vaulted each stile in my way,
 And these rancorous words strait determin'd to say:

“ Know.

" Know this, thou false maiden, I've alter'd my mind,
And will seek out another more constant and kind."—
Thus in torment I fled at my fancy'd disgrace,
'Till REASON o'ertook me, and slacken'd my pace.

" Prithee, hold, silly Swain, (said the Heav'n-born fair),
Your rage is unmanly, return to your care;
I plainly perceive, for the passion's express'd,
'Tis Jealousy rifles your bosom of rest;
Can your Phillis be faithless? Remember, dull Swain,
Last May when she danc'd round the pole on the plain,
Her lovers were many, rich, handsome, and true,
Yet she scorn'd ev'ry one for a cottage and you.

" 'Tis REASON commands, hence her precepts obey,
Who's govern'd by her cannot easily stray;
Go, in haste seek your flocks, for your rose-bud of youth
Is just as you'd have her, all sweetness and truth;
Her manners still charming, 'twere just to allow,
And the wreath of contentment encircle's her brow:
Full pure her attachments, they're truly your own,
And her breast sacred VIRTUE has chose for her throne."

Convinc'd of my folly, and rid of my pain,
As swift I fled back to my pastures again,
Where under the sycamore shade by the brook,
As recumbent I hung on the stem of my crook,
I saw the dear maid tripping blithe o'er the plain
With the Posy receiv'd from the hand of the Swain;
To meet her I ran, and I own it with pride,
Commended the gift and the giver beside.

Ye Swains, ne'er let Jealousy enter your breast,
The Dæmon's delight is to rob you of rest;
'Tis heartless to think what the Jealous must know;
They feel all the pangs of the tortu'd below;

To 'scape such a Fury, be gentle and gay
 With the fair you esteem, and still give her her way;
 To please her, the gentlest of methods pursue,
 And ne'er think her false till you find her untrue.

MANNERS BEFORE BEAUTY.

WITH young Phillis wherever I go,
 The gay ones thus sing of my fair;
 On her cheek what a delicate glow!
 How delightful the rings of her hair!

Her eyes, how enchanting they seem!
 Brighter far than the brightest of spars;
 While they deign on poor mortals to beam,
 'Fore heav'n, they rival the stars!

The red coral imported from 'far,
 The rich balsam the honey-bee sips,
 It were folly for us to compare
 To the colour and taste of her lips.

That she merits these praises I own;
 That her form is completely design'd,
 Will, I think, be refuted by none,
 But she wants the rare gift of the mind.

What are eyes, lips, or cheeks, or a mien?
 What is all that the schools can impart?
 What's the finest complexion ere seen?
 If the graces are not in the heart.

Lovely

Lovely Phillis, henceforward be wife;
Ah! pray thee coquet it no more,
Or your shepherd will surely despise,
Tho' the fops of the town may adore.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

WITH cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,
Sad Psyche fought the grove,
Where she her tresses us'd to curl
With Innocence and Love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,
O'ertook the weeping fair;
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd,
And why diffus'd her hair?

I Cupid seek o'er hill and dale,
From me the god is fled;
And (what's the cause I cannot tell),
He shuns the marriage bed.

Dry up thy tears, and cease to moan,
Return'd the Sylvan chaste,
Accept from me this magic zone,
And bind it round thy waste.

Tie up thy locks, thy drefs improve,
And soon this change thou'lt see;
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,
Fond Love shall follow thee.

The zone about her waist she ties,
 Each tress a ringlet flows,
 Her bosom's hid from vulgar eyes,
 Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream she views her face,
 Exults at charms so fair;
 The while she studied ev'ry grace,
 Love came and found her there.

Enraptur'd to her arms he flew,
 With joy he blest'd the change,
 Improv'd the cause from whence it grew,
 And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hint descry,
 Nor blame the friendly part;
 The Slattern makes the Lover fly,
 While neatness chains the heart.

A PRETTY WEEK'S WORK.

ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale,
 Came to me while milking, to carry my pail;
 He vow'd full sincere, he had made up his mind,
 To wed me on Wednesday, if so I inclin'd;
 And vow'd when we came to the willow-deck'd brook,
 If I doubted his truth, he would swear on the book.

To know if my lover would keep to his vow,
 On Tuesday, the whole he was busy at plow,
 I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below,
 And begg'd she wou'd tell me the thing I would know;

Then

Then gave her a sixpence I fav'd from my youth,
And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her spectacles quickly she took from her side,
Examin'd my hand, ask'd me questions beside;
Then told me she saw, by a spark in my eye,
If Colin was willing, 'twere best to comply:
And said, Child do this, lest your wishes are cross'd,
For in matters of love, no time 's to be lost.

On Wednesday he came dizen'd out in his best,
He gave me a posey to stick in my breast;
So sweetly he kiss'd me, and told me the time,
And said, let us haste, e're the village bells chime;
But I, filly I, sure the worst of my kind!
Reply'd with a sneer, Sir, "*I've alter'd my mind.*"

At this with resentment becoming the swain,
He turn'd from a fool, and went off with disdain;
As soon as he left me, I thought on my fate,
And the words of old Dorcas, but ah! 'twas too late!
I ran to the vale, search'd the hamlets around,
To find out my swain, but no Colin I found.

On Thursday, so soon as the lark struck my ear,
I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear;
Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)
Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride:
But alas! all endeavours were idle and vain!
Not one on the meadows knew aught of my swain.

When Friday was come, I grew sick of my lot;
I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot;
But successless, alas! were all efforts to me,
No tidings I heard, nor no Colin cou'd see;

'Twas Saturday, now, and the search I renew'd,
As luckless as ever, the search I pursu'd,

On Sunday, I wander'd distracted till noon,
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;
I stopt the first person I met in my way,
And ask'd the true cause of their being so gay;
Who told me, this morning young Colin was seen,
With the Parson and beautiful Doll of the green.

That instant I ran to the green willow'd brook,
Where Colin had sworn to be true on a book;
My garters I bound to the sturdiest bough,
And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how!
If Reason had not interpos'd with her aid,
And bade me desist, for a silly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act such a part,
Nor reject the true swain who would yield you his heart;
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost,
In matters of love there's no time to be lost.
Do this, and no cause in your bosom shall lurk,
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

THE

LASS OF THE LAKES.

WITHIN the dungeon's sickly gloom,
HELVETIA' heroes pine,
And *GRISLER's fiat seals their doom,
My gentlest maid! and thine:

Nor

* Governor for Albert, in Switzerland.

Nor + WILLIAM TELL's unerring shaft
The Tyrant's soul can shake;
From just revenge, secur'd by Craft,
He lives by Lucern Lake.

Then fly, my Fair! these lowland haunts,
And range the hills with me:
This heart is thine and warmly pants,
To set its charmer free.
The mountain Larks so blithe to see,
Thy slumbers shall awake,
And sing their songs of Peace for Thee,
Sweet Lass of Lucern Lake!

Come fly, then, fly the courtly scene,
No scornful face to know;
No fell deceit with angel's mien,
Shall wreck another's woe:
On thy sweet lips, devoid of guile,
Love's faithful pledge I'll stake,
And teach thee, morn and eve, to smile,
Sweet Lass of Lucern Lake.

For thee, I'll cull the summer grove,
While fruits are ripe and rare,
Just when the Bees for honey rove,
Will I at morn be there,
To pluck impearl'd with ev'ning dew
The berries from the brake,
Then spread the sweet repast for you,
Sweet Lass of Lucern Lake.

From nipping blasts; from frosts and hail,
Thy beauty I'll defend,
And still, amidst the winter's gale,
Live blithe, thy love and friend:

The

The glowing hearth, heap high for thee,
 Each eve while tempests shake,
 While thou soft love-tales tell for me,
 Sweet Lass of Lucern Lake.

When from our Tyrant's will secure,
 Wrapt in our steepy Hills,
 We'll teach each other to endure,
 The care Contentment kills;
 Then turn, fair maid, and fly with me,
 Thine Arnold's fortune take,
 Whose only hope is Love and thee,
 Sweet Lass of Lucern Lake.

THE
 MAID OF THE COT.

WHERE the skiff-furrow'd Medway laves Halling's
 green strand,

A few humble cottages pleasantly stand:
 There Edwin the farmer 's contented to dwell,
 And begs but for health and to culture his dell.
 The Lark greets him rising, oft sings him to rest,
 And he scarce feels a pang that can ruffle the breast.

One daughter he boasts, fair Eliza her name;
 Perfections like her's, 'twere presumption to claim,
 Unless by some worth I could shew my desert,
 O then with what rapture I'd barter my heart!
 Hence pow'r, wealth, and titles, I'd envy ye not,
 A boon greater far is the Maid of the Cot.

When

When first I perceiv'd to love was my fate,
I strove with my flame, but I found 'twas too late;
The fly-working god had so manag'd his part,
That no longer I boasted the freedom of heart.
I found 'twas in vain to contend with my lot,
So cherish'd my flame for the Maid of the Cot.

The gay fops of the city will sneer with disdain
At the dress of Eliza, so neat and so plain;
Untortur'd by fashion, unsullied by art,
Her neatness first open'd the way to my heart.
With your belles you gay fops live, I envy ye not,
The first wish of my heart is the Maid of the Cot.

As we travers'd the mead to'ards the tide t'other day,
Old Halling's white steeple we chanc'd to survey,
I said, as I not'd the structure, my fair,
Should Edwin consent, would your wish lead you there;
Say, would you be Damon's Eliza or not?
But I'd only a sigh from the Maid of the Cot.

O! should she be mine, not like others I'd rove,
But contentedly live with the beauty I love;
And, as Time rolls my moments of pleasure away,
This theme, my companions, should finish my lay;
O! may you, ye great folk, when wedlock's your lot,
Deserve such a mate as the Maid of the Cot.

MANTLE OF SPRING.

BRIGHT Goddess! how pleasing is all I survey!

The works of thy fingers deal rapture supreme!

The flocks, and the herds, at thy presence, how gay!

The birds of the groves, and the fish of the stream!

Soft murmurs that honey-bee, new from her cell,

Round the thorn where a store of rare beauty invite;

And see, 'mongst the mole-hills which chequer the dell,

How she kisses the cowslip so sweet and so bright.

Go bustle, **AMBITION**, thy pow'r still increase,

Partake to the depth of **PROSPERITY**'s dish:

I would not relinquish these pictures of peace,

For the utmost extent of thy covetous wish!

How blithe sings that ozel-cock, deep in the grove,

Where **SOLITUDE**, shunning the footsteps of **ART**,

Hand-in-hand with **SIMPLICITY** ventures to rove,

Till the dew-drops of eve are the signs to depart!

Forbear, cruel **Fowler**, ah! tread not too near,

His motive for trilling so tuneful a song,

Sure **TENDERNESS** cannot but pleasure to hear,

'Tis to sooth his kind mate as she broods the day long.

Go toil, gloomy **AV'RICE**, deceive to get more.

To be shut from the charms of the ozel-cock's lay,

I would not, lean **MAMMON**, for all thy bright store,

For the music of **NATURE** has nothing so gay.

On

On thy lap, parent Goddess! here let me recline,
 While the butterfly fans with his new-painted wing,
 And the grasshopper, fill'd with thy spirit divine,
 Chirrup his tale, worth the ear of a King:
 Ye groundlings, go smile at my pastoral ways,
 While I look on the landscape (how lofty the thought!)
 All tranquil, I warble my sonnets of praise
 To the Pow'r who such beauty such wonders has wrought.

Go censure my conduct, ye vain and ye proud:
 While tasteless you look on the MANTLE of SPRING,
 I shun all the ways of the peace-breaking crowd,
 And revel in joys which ne'er harbour a sting.

Thus let me thro' life, as thy blessings appear,
 To AMBITION and soul-tainting AV'rice unknown,
 O Flora! enrapture the eye and the ear,
 Where tranquillity governs her children alone.
 The dish of the Rustic, his bev'rage for me;
 I ask not that LUX'RY should sit at my board;
 My friend and my book—from perplexities free,
 And I'll smile at the greatness and pomp of a Lord.

O let me (or still undeserving of ease)
 The music of GRATITUDE constantly sing
 To the Pow'r who can dress with such wonders as these
 The brightest of garments—The MANTLE of SPRING.

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN,

INSCRIBED

TO THE PUPPIES OF THE PRESENT AGE.

"What crowds assume the gentle name

"Without one title to the claim."

TELL me, Amilcar, if you can,
What constitutes the Gentleman?
A name that often strikes the ear,
When *Things*, scarce worth a name, appear;
Is it to dress the body gay,
In all the fashions of to-day?
To skip a smirking effenc'd beau?
Tell me Amilcar, is it?—"No."

Is it to hold as great a store
As that Gualpha* found of yore,
When on Potosi† bushy side,
La Rica's treasure he descry'd?
Is it to own a land estate?
Or be related to the great?
Tell me, Amilcar, is it so?
Hark to the Sage's answer—"No."

Is it to own a blazon'd coat,
Brought down from folks of antient note,
Of whom the Heralds this report,
They beat their foes at Agincourt?

* Name of the Indian who discovered the mine on the Hill of Potosi, in Peru.

† The vein was called La Rica, or the Rich; out of which was taken thirty thousand pieces of eight daily.

Vide HERNANDEZ's Philosophical Essays.

Or

Or is it to be high in place,
A county Sheriff, or his Grace?
Lord-Mayor, or Common-Council Beau?
Say, good Amilcar, is it?—"No."

Is it with ease to bow the frame?
For Prowess to be known to Fame?
To wear the Garter and the Star?
Or grace the Senate, or the Bar?
Is it to be y'clep'd Esquire?
Or be Receiver for a Shire?
Do these the fair pretension show?
Tell me, Amilcar, do they?—"No."

Is it to mount the steed with grace?
And be the leader of the chace?
Pride of the turf, by Lords caress'd,
And on the horse-course always best?
To gain, by play, a greater lot,
Than Carlisle lost to General Scot?
Is it the greatest skill to show
In throwing dice?—you answer—"No."

Is it the Mitre, and the Scarf?
The Robe of Ermine, Martial's Staff?
Chanc'lor's baubles, and his Mace;
Gold Stick in Waiting?—charming place!
Is it to wear by Majesty
The pendent George, or Treas'ry Key?
Can these the gentle name bestow?
Still, still Amilca answers—"No."

Is it to scorn an act that's mean,
Or speak fallacious, or obscene?
To render all the good we can
To our poor fellow-creature, Man?

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN,

To honour God, to serve the State,
 To rev'rence all that's good and great?
 To succour Science, Arts-restore?
 Tell me, Amilcar, is it?—"MORE."

Is it (where Virtue pines unseen,
 Too modest to obtrude her mein);
 To bring the wretched to the light,
 And wipe off Slander's venom'd spite?
 Unheeding Envy to make known
 Neglected Merit to the Throne;
 'Till Plenty at her cheerful door
 Relieve the friendless?—"STILL 'TIS MORE."

To offer none unjust offence?
 To side with helpless innocence?
 With wealth and pow'r (if bless'd with these)
 To right the wrong'd of all degrees?
 Whatever Justice spurns to hate,
 And to reclaim the Reprobate,
 And such as heedless do amiss?
 Be brief, Amilcar, is it?—"YES."

Go, Fop, pursue this little plan,
 And you become the GENTLEMAN.

DEFINITION

DEFINITION OF THE OTHER THING;

or,

THE PORTRAIT OF A PEER.

"What an Ass was I to take this Monster for a God."

SHAKESPEARE.

COME laughing Satire and my palette bring;
Spread all the colours of the Pheasant's wing;
Display the canvas, place the pencils near,
And I'll describe, with truth,—*a noble Peer*;
His name, his title, ill befits my plan,
Who views my picture needs must know the man.

Haft thou not seen, say Trav'ler, in thy round,
A being rear'd to tend upon the hound?
A thing delighting in the Huntsman's noise,
The chum of scullions, and of stable-boys?
Such is Groomillo—none can better shoot,
Of dogs, of horses, or of cocks dispute;
Can course a hare, pursue the fox, or doe,
And holloa o'er the lawns—*sweet Tally-ho!*
None cheers the pack like him, nor wants he breath
From quitting kennel, to the *glorious* death;
With mouth and fist he imitates the Horn,
Shrill tunes the view, or starting in the morn;
The Turf-man's phrase makes up his constant talk;
In dress a Jockey, and a-like in walk.
A Lord is now a Farrier, on a pinch,
Nicks, crops, and docks, or now prepares a drench;
At midnight revels, ever last in bed,
Can blast, and swear, and drink a dozen dead;

Noisy,

Noisy and positive, inclin'd to strife,
 And loves a Bull-bate as he loves his life ;
 Or, if perchance an hunted Ox he spies,
 This is, to him, a *glorious sacrifice* ;
 Rag, tag, and bob-tail, see his Lordship join,
 'Fore heav'n the sport is excellent, *divine* !
 And now the Proteus Lord delights to hit
 DELPINI's wild grimace, and brothel wit ;
 A Spouter next he grins upon the boards,
 The *Noble Scrub** much merriment affords ;
 So well he clinks the tankard to the ear,
 All clap, and cry—" what *pity* ! he's a Peer ;"
 Pity a star should glitter on his breast,
 The Sock of WESTON had become him best,

'Bout modes of faith he never breaks his rest,
 Each mode's alike the subject of his jest ;
 If e'er he worships 'tis not to the skies,
 Cocks, and Race-horses, are his deities ;
 Or else the Box that holds the fatal bones,
 The source of Suicides, and parents' groans,
 Or now the table where the hand of Fate,
 Soon robs the blockhead of his whole estate,
 And hurls him down the stream of time forlorn,
 The sport of Bailiffs, and the wise man's scorn ;
 Too weak to reason, callous to conceive,
 Amidst conviction, backward to believe ;
 To quarrels prone, he enters first the lists,
 Deciding all things by mere dint of fists ;
 In Humphreys' school he learn'd a fav'rite guard,
 Averts the blow, and throws his man a yard ;
 Well bon'd and sinew'd 'tis by all confess'd,
 In each encounter, he comes off the *best*.

* His Lordship was *famous* for playing Scrub in the Beau's Stratagem, particularly in the Tankard Scene.

How *sweet* to listen while his Lordship brags, at his
His lofty phaetons, and his fleetest nags!
And then to see him hold the double reins,
What *grace*! what *majesty*! my Lord maintains!
Not Sol himself in his quotidian way,
Can guide, like him, the chariot of the day;
Nor Jockey ARDESIOFF*, like him, can drive,
The wretch whose genius taught him to contrive,
A pleasing *whim*,—TO ROAST A COCK ALIVE!!!
Go Rome, go Naples, polish'd Paris go,
I'll yield mine ears, if you the like can show;
Such the companions of this wond'rous Peer
E'en Satire blushes as such *Things* come near.

In many a shape his Lordship's taste is shewn,
The art of Cookery † is all his own;
Ye WARGRAVE blades who know his *honour* well,
Does not his dumplings all the rest excel?
Nor this alone, my Lord, his *friends* to please,
Can, like a monkey, mount a pole with ease;
Or, Sav'yard like, can dance a Russian Bear,
Or beat a salt-box in a country Fair;
Now mount a stool and through the collar grin,
To beat e'en BUCKHORSE ‡, or distorted GWIN †;
And once, to *kick up fun*, our WARGRAVE sprite,
Scar'd an OLD WOMAN § to eternal night.
What *bliss*, ye Gods, when our *best pleasures* spring
From such a *simple, such a trifling thing*?
Thus men of *fashion*, to get rid of time,
Surpass LONGINUS in the *true sublime*:
Beside, the master of ten thousand arts,
None grac'd the Peerage with such manly parts;

* A being too contemptible for satire.

† His Lordship was famous for making dumplings with his own hands.

‡ Two attendants on the Turf remarkable for their ugliness of countenance.

§ Vide DELPINI, and the Coffin Scene, &c.

Tho' link'd in wedlock, still he roves the blade,
 Loves *dear* seduction, and the poaching trade;
 Alike to him is every 'state of life,
 The maid, the widow, or his neighbour's wife;
 If for a gentle conduct ever known,
 To dogs and horses was the kindness shown;
 His fellow-man bears no where on record,
 One noble deed to dignify my Lord!
 Except DELPINI*, bent to shrink his purse,
 Or Bully PASQUIN* riot's noisy nurse;
 Let such, with gratitude, incessant glow,
 My Lord has often sav'd them from JOHN DOE;

Will he not wince, rude Satire, at thy lash?
 O no, he'll first be poison'd with such trash.
 Alike averse to wisdom as to care,
 Who shews his follies must his malice bear;
 The Sage's saws his Lordship still defies,
 And spurns his lessons as a scroll of lies;
 Well, let him spurn, the Sage shall set him high,
 A blazing Beacon to eternity;
 And headstrong-youth shall view his lack of wit,
 And 'scape the rocks on which my Lord must split.

Such is GROOMILLO, you who like his plan,
 Prefer the BLACKGUARD to the Gentleman.

Ye gay ones, Members of the Turf cabal,
 Is not my Portrait like th' original?

* Two hangers on, like the Fool who follows the shadow of the Sovereign, but without his wit or utility.

TO THE
GENIUS OF BRITAIN,

1796.

GENIUS of Britain shield the Muse,
While WAR and FAMINE fright the land;
And RUMOUR spreads her dreadful news
Of Cities sack'd, of realms unman'd;
O let me breathe the rural reed
Where blooms the Bee-frequented bine;
And while for Tyrants millions bleed
Let the plain paths of Peace be mine.

From where the pallid moon-light gleams
O'er the dying Austrian's woe;
And the Rhine's ensanguin'd streams
With sadly mangled bodies flow.
Far let me from these terrors fly,
I to battles ne'er incline;
Sweet pity taught my breast to sigh,
And all the will to save be mine.

From where the SALII,* madly grim,
Watch the last expiring breath;
And raise to murd'ring Mars the hymn
That sanctifies the deeds of death.
For ever let me live unseen,
Nor mix where men for blood combine;
Or Summer's day or Winter keen,
O let the friends of Peace be mine.

* Certain Priests of the God Mars appointed to sing hymns over those slain in battle.

From where the cannon o'er the waves,
 To gratify despotic will,
 But blaze to make of Freemen Slaves,
 And help the Bigot's hand to kill;
 O let me catch the fav'ring gale,
 And make the land and 'scape the brine,
 And shelter'd in my native vale
 Still let the Cherub Hope be mine.

From where those Fiends that plague the world
 In deep debate for mischief sit;
 Like Terror with her flag unfurl'd,
 Or black Revenge array'd like P—tt.
 Pervading Spirit let me hide,
 And should I 'scape their dark design,
 Contentment shall my crust divide,
 And all the Patriot flame be mine.

And when sweet Peace shall smile again
 To heal the wounds Ambition made;
 And from the Slaughter to the plain
 The Rustic turns the needful spade;
 All grateful at the welcome change
 The Muse shall raise the jocund glee,
 And morn and eve with Freedom range,
 And many a wreath entwine for thee!

THE
 HAUNTS OF MY YOUTH.

HAIL, HALLING, kind nurse of my youth,
 Where Peace ever taught me to smile;
 Where I learn'd from the volumes of Truth
 All the terrors that wait upon guile;

How

How oft by thy Medway's green side
 Have I wander'd the summer-day long?
 Or sat by the flag fringed tide
 To mimic the Reed-sparrow's song.

How oft by thine Ivy-clad walls,
 Where erst the sad curfew has knoll'd,
 Where still are the mould'ring stalls
 Possess'd by Paulinus of old,
 Have I far, from each vestige to draw,
 With the rest of the Juvenile throng,
 Or fashion'd the pale oaten straw
 To echo the Reed-sparrow's song?

Ah! these were true moments of bliss,
 I sigh while I think how they're flown;
 True friendship oft printed her kifs,
 And my conduct was envy'd by none;
 To thy brook, rural SNODLAND, I'd stray,
 And ne'er thought the day was too long,
 If my fellows would join in the play,
 Or the Reed-sparrow warble his song.

No prospect of future I fear'd,
 So gamefome, I'd often engage
 To pluck hoary Care by the beard,
 Or wrinkle my brow at the Sage;
 'Twas innocent mirth, and no more,
 My heart would not do the least wrong;
 Alas! the dear moments are o'er,
 When I danc'd to the Reed-sparrow's song.

The fiend that works Merit disgrace,
 As yet had not taught me to smart,
 Unperceiv'd was the mask on her face,
 And the ulcer that cover'd her heart;

I chac'd the gay fly o'er the lea,
 While the grafshopper chirrup'd along;
 But no sound was more pleasing to me
 Than my pipe to the Reed-sparrow's song,

Adieu! playful moments adieu!
 Thy raptures so sweet were my own;
 If I could I'd those moments renew,
 For sure they 're the best to be known;
 In their stead comes the peace-breaker Care,
 With wants and sharp ills in a throng;
 Yet the haunts of my youth let me share
 While the Reed-sparrow warbles his song.

ROBINNETT.

THE Oak had don'd his summer coat,
 The Oak to prudence true,
 That never casts his old afloat
 Till time presents a new;
 Full ample spread the woodland shade,
 Gay blossoms grac'd the grove,
 When Collin laid aside his spade
 With ROBINNET to rove,

Straight as a poplar plant was she,
 The toast of all the Vale,
 The Lad, none better form'd to see,
 None told a softer tale;
 Within the covert's deep recess,
 Where guilt has seldom press'd
 The swain thus sang the soft address
 That speaks the gentle breast,

Hear'st

Hear'st thou, dear Maid, the Nightingale?
 How sweet he charms the brake?
 For what is all this tuneful tale?
 'Tis for his True Love's sake.
 So ROBINNETT when thou art mine
 I'll charm thy summer day,
 Each season toil when I am thine
 To make thee kind and gay.
 Yield then thine hand, thine heart bestow,
 For what are these apart?
 The love's not worth a sigh to know
 That flows not from the heart—
 She blush'd and gave her heart away,
 Love smil'd the scene to view,
 And bade them like the birds be gay,
 And live and love as true.
 The village bells soon told the tale,
 All gay the lasses sped
 To crop the bloom that deck'd the Vale,
 To strew the bridal bed;
 Now round the cruel maids relent,
 Forego each prudish pet,
 Approve their swains and yield consent
 To wed like ROBINNETT.

THE
 LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

SWEET Spring spreads her mantle, the buds on the trees
 How they open their bloom to be kiss'd by the Bees?
 The streams gay reflect all the tints in the sky,
 And hark! how they prattle so wantonly by:

Why

Why murmurs the Bee just relieved from her cell?
 Why warbles the Wren on the thorn in the dell?
 Why thus sings the Lark to the regions above?
 All nature proclaims 'tis the Language of Love.

Ah, would it were mine to be happy like these,
 Dull to me the stream flows, and rude blows the breeze,
 No pleasure I find in the Wren in the dell,
 And that Lark, could I reach him, I'd punish full well:
 Why thus out of humour? (some Shepherd may say),
 The girl of my bosom still loiters away;
 By this, she has promis'd her hand to the grove,
 To listen 'till eve to the Language of Love.

The rose, I in rapture, so often caress'd,
 Looks dull on the bush, has no charms for my breast,
 The bloom of yon Pippin seems scented amiss,
 And those King-cups how awkward the Butter-flies kifs?
 No whiteness those lillies afford to my eye,
 They 're the colour of Jealousy, let me pass by:
 Not an object in Nature to pleasure can move,
 Since Phillis regards not the Language of Love.

But hark! the Maid's coming, she bounds o'er the stile
 Like a Doe that has fled from the hunters awhile;
 Sing on pretty Lark, now thou'rt pleasant to me,
 All Nature's more charming, more sweet hums the Bee,
 The Wren, to salute her, has quitted the dell,
 And Tray wags his tail, for he knows her full well:
 Thrice welcome, dear Maid, as the Sun from above,
 'Tis thine to be true to the Language of Love.

See the Church on the hill, to the Priest we'll repair,
 The grove shall delight, when we've moments to spare,
 Behold the ring ready, and when thou'rt my bride,
 These flocks shall be thine, and the pastures beside,

By

By the lessons of Reason we'll study to live,
 And delight in the raptures that Virtue can give,
 From examples like thine, shall the village improve,
 And all welcome spring with the Language of Love.

THE DEMOCRAT.

"Whatever is just is necessary."

DEMOCRATIC CREED.

FROM pride and the peace breaking ways of the town,
 Where simplicity fashions a path for the clown,
 That my frame might be languid no more
 I retir'd, and was blest with a pleasant retreat,
 Where health and conveniency constantly meet
 In the vine that encircles my door.

Wide spreads the green mantle with Jessamine gay,
 A charming alcove at the heat of mid-day,
 While blithe sings the robin and more,
 Love brilliants his eye, rapture heaves his kind breast
 As he sings to his mate, who broods still on the nest,
 In the vine that encircles my door.

My pursuits are the fairest kind Reason has taught,
 And the page of Philosophy brightens the thought
 Superstition had clouded before;
 With the day-star I rise from a conjugal bed,
 And read till my dame has the clean table spread
 In the vine that encircles my door.

When

When the newsmen arrives, attentive; alone,
 I examine mankind from the cot to the throne,
 And wish despots may plague us no more;
 If Liberty conquers my spirits are gay,
 I cannot help dancing and singing huzza
 In the vine that encircles my door.

She's the Queen I adore and the end of my wish;
 The sweet drop of comfort in life's chequer'd dish,
 May her banners be spread the world o'er;
 May weighty taxation with tyrants expire,
 And I see their scrolls of presumption on fire
 From the vine that encircles my door.

In the Church may a blest reformation begin,
 Not one have the calf, and the other the skin;
 Partial laws vex the people no more;
 May Equality, Plenty, and Peace, bless the land,
 For which I'll contribute my heart and my hand
 From the vine that encircles my door.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

"Whatever is necessary is just."

ARISTOCRATIC CREED.

I'M a prince of high breeding from monarchs of old,
 Estates I have many and mountains of gold;
 To my feet bow the people, and call me "your Grace,"
 While they faint with taxation to keep me in place;
 For this I despise them as dirt under feet,
 Still urge them to labour and scarce let them eat;
 Should they dare to enquire what my pride would be at,
 I have chains for their limbs—such the Aristocrat.

Could

Could I once have my will, and pray tell me the harm,
 The peasants I'd sell, with the stock on the farm;
 All learning deny them, e'en paper and ink,
 Even shackle their limbs for presuming to think.
 At this, should they murmur, these dull stupid logs,
 I'd call it rebellion, and hang them like dogs;
 Should Virtue, Humanity, censure for that,
 What are Virtues to me?—I'm an Aristocrat.

I'd saddle the backs of these spirits perturb'd,
 And bridle their mouths, for the poor should be curb'd;
 Nay, should they but frown, or presume to speak ill,
 I'll spur them like asses, to move in a mill;
 Indulgence but sharpens their senses to see
 And to think on Equality—horrid to me;
 The dog of his master, as well may claim that,
 As the people to rank with the Aristocrat.

Non-resistance and passive-obedience I teach,
 And pay with revenge, when I cannot beseech;
 Talk much about rank, to humility by,
 On the high stilts of pride lift my head to the sky.
 This thesis promulge to improve my design,
 The people are swine, and the nobles divine;
 And should they but dare to dispute about that,
 I can shew my revenge like an Aristocrat.

I strongly support the influence of kings,
 Call them gods upon earth, tho' the simplest of things,
 Anointed by heav'n, I make it appear,
 They ought to be worship'd with fervour sincere;
 And the subject who yields not with this to be cram'd,
 Is a democrat vile, and ought to be d—'d;
 And this at all times is the game to be at,
 The only true creed of the Aristocrat.

May the people, oppress'd by such monsters as these,
 Like skilful physicians, attack the disease;
 Probe, plaster, and cut from the politic frame,
 Till no taint or infection be left to enflame;
 With concord may liberty plant her blest tree,
 And Britons for ever be happy and free;
 May they always discern, what the Peers would be at,
 And ne'er feel the rod of the Aristocrat.

THE
 BIRTH OF CONTENT.

THE thundering Jove, to divert the young Hours,
 Left his termagant spouse and Olympian bow'rs
 For an isle once by freedom admir'd:
 O'er the oak-cover'd hills as the deity trod,
 Effulgence divine so betoken'd the god;
 RUSTICITY bow'd and retired.

Undistinguish'd he found it were best to abide,
 To that end laid his sky-colour'd mantle aside
 For the shepherd's plain habit and mein;
 To a jessamine cottage for shelter he flew,
 There begg'd a retreat from the swift rising dew,
 And the darkness that stole on the scene,

'Twas the dwelling of PEACE, and she cover'd the board
 With the best of ripe viands INDUSTRY had stor'd,
 SINCERITY bade him draw near,
 From the springs of HYGEIA fresh waters were brought,
 Full sweet as her lips, and as pure as her thought,
 And the god gayly drank of the cheer.

Though

Though simple the fare, it was season'd by mirth,
 Not she who with COMUS fell CIRCE gave birth,
 But INNOCENCE slip'd from the sky;
 Roffy TEMPERANCE came with a smile to invite,
 And true FRIENDSHIP, a flame, that for ever burns bright,
 Enraptur'd the deity's eye.

As PEACE gave him welcome unequal'd above,
 The god felt a dart from the quiver of LOVE,
 And sang as her bosom he press'd;
 Go ENVY, go MALICE, forget to malign,
 Soon the bud of his flame was an offspring divine,
 And the fairy SIMPLICITY dress'd.

Quickly, hence (cry the god) let the cherub be sent
 'Mongst the children of earth, and be called CONTENT,
 Who cares her, shall sorrow no more.
 Without her, in vain shall be medical aid,
 And the bloom on the cheek of the beauty shall fade,
 And the wealthy be wretched and poor.

CONTENT and sweet PEACE, at the rising of day,
 JOVE's fiat obey'd, and flew smiling away,
 'Till weary they loiter to rest;
 Where think ye, ye shepherds, the twain have their throne,
 Ye gods, with what rapture, the truth I must own,
 Their Mansion's my PHILIDEL's breast.

*HUMILITY'S COT

BY THE SEA.

FAIR island, thine equal, say, where is it found?
Here FRIENDSHIP and PLENTY invite,
Here LOVE and the GRACES, dance constantly round,
And the PLEASURES sweet garlands unite;
Go health breaking traffic, I quit you awhile,
For treasures more lasting, which never beguile;
Here PEACE softly fans her bright wings over me,
As I muse in HUMILITY'S Cot by the Sea.

Hence ye Fops entertain all the pleasures of dress,
Where Fashion directs idly run,
In raptures to Chloe still kneel and profess
What you never intend shall be done:
Such Butterfly-bliss cannot rob me of ease,
I seek not such pleasures, but pleasures like these—
While nature unfolds all her beauties to me,
To muse in HUMILITY'S Cot by the Sea.

Let the Lord bribe his tenants, 'gainst conscience, to vote,
Let him swear in all things to be true;
Yes, let him succeed, and still alter his note,
As lordlings are oft known to do;
I'll envy him not in his Parliament seat,
My wish fertile VECTA shall still be compleat;
While Health spreads her mantle, and Peace keeps the key,
To muse in HUMILITY'S Cot by the Sea.

* Written in the Fisherman's Hut, Dun-nose, Isle of Wight, 1794.

Let

Let the 'Squire tell of Coursers the fleetest on earth,
 In the chace none of spirits so free;
 Let him boast of alliance to titles and worth,
 And still scorn to look down upon me;
 Such pastime to him may much rapture afford,
 Well, let it, I'll follow nor such, nor my Lord;
 But O SHANKLING thy shores and each Rock and each tree,
 Or still muse in HUMILITY'S Cot by the Sea.

Let Priests press the needy, Church-tythes to obtain,
 Let them scorn to live up to their lore;
 Let them frown on the wretch who presumes to complain,
 And resolve to oppress him the more;
 Go Fops, Lords, and Prelates, such maxims pursue,
 I shall sigh for the poor, and still frown upon you;
 And wish the sad realm from such ills may be free,
 As I muse in HUMILITY'S Cot by the Sea.

*ANN OF NEWPORT.

THE trembling twilight lingering hung
 O'er the slowly rising Western main;
 And the grey-duck taught her new-fledg'd young
 The wing to dry—and shelter nigh,
 'Till morning light—dispell'd the night,
 And call'd them to the teeming flood again.

* The Daughter of a Gentleman, at Newport, who was to have been married to Captain Worley, of the Panther privateer, upon his return from a cruise, in an action in the Channel, the Captain unfortunately fell in the moment of victory; upon the ship's return, with her crippled capture, this Lady was on a visit at Chale, and upon hearing the death of the Captain, almost instantly expired.

When

When on the beach, beneath the rocks of Chale,
 Sweet Ann of Newport pensive stood, reclin'd;
 And as her eye beheld a distant sail,
 To Heav'n she sigh'd, and thus address'd the wind:

“ Arise, ye sleeping gales, disperse the gloom,
 And bid the moon her silver beams display;
 For William steer'd his course this morn from home,
 To fight the foe—and this I'd know,
 If yon tall sail—that courts the gale,
 Returns the Bark that bore my love away.
 Up mount the winds, the moon spreads round her beams;
 Yon vessel, by its lofty stern, I know;
 Another comes, and all dismantled seems;
 And William's vessel has the Bark in tow.”

The busy winds fill all the spreading sails,
 †The Needles-Beacon blaz'd a certain guide;
 And now the ship, the gentle Anna hails,
 Go tell (she cry'd)—my country's pride,
 My William dear—his Anna's near.
 Her tuneful voice the wounded Boatswain knew,
 Nor yet reply'd, but as the anchor fell,
 Beckon'd a youth who fought by William true,
 And bade him all the dreadful story tell.

“ O Anna, kindest maid of ‡Vesta's train,
 Sadly I sigh the direful tale to tell:
 A sturdy Frenchman met us on the main,
 All day we fought—and wonders wrought;
 At length prevail—capture the sail,
 But thine own love, the gallant William, fell.

† The Light-house above the Needle Rocks.

‡ The Isle of Wight, so called by the Romans.

Swift from the deck a mournful murmur 'rose,
 For valiant William was belov'd by all ;
 And now the ship-bell knoll'd the vessel's woes,
 The captur'd foe repeats the solemn call.

Pale as the lilly over-charg'd with dew
 She hung her head, the dreadful tale to know,
 How hard to lose her love so brave, so true ?
 Her soul oppress'd—she beat her breast,
 The bosom's storm—her eyes deform,
 And not one soft relieving tear could flow.
 The bird that's shot in air ne'er dropt so swift ;
 The pitying crew beheld—Adieu she cry'd.
 To help the maid they launch the ready skiff,
 But Ann, of Newport, heav'd a sigh and died.

THE
 DAISES

THAT
 SPRINKLE HER GRAVE.

WHEN all hush'd is the bustle of day,
 And TUMULT's bereft of her breath ;
 I can seldom a moment delay,
 But glide to the garden of death ;
 To the spot where ELIZA must sleep ;
 Like the Hermit at eve to his cave
 I bend, but to sigh, and to weep,
 To the daisies that sprinkle her grave.

Should the Moon thro' the parting cloud gleam,
 I turn to the Orb, and I cry
 Her breast was as pure as your beam,
 Her temper serene as your sky ;

64 THE DAISIES THAT SPRINKLE HER GRAVE.

As a lover I'm fond of the strain,
The theme pure affection may crave;
And I whisper it over again,
To the daisies that sprinkle her grave:

Should Philomel wake the sweet bine,
I sing to the minstrel of night;
Gay warbler, her song was like thine,
She ravish'd the ear with delight:
The nightingale hears me complain,
But sooths not my sorrowful slave;
'Tho' I murmur it over again,
To the daisies that sprinkle her grave:

As I glance to the tombs of the great,
And read o'er each gentle bequest;
Of ELIZA I'm quick to relate,
Such gentleness cover'd her breast.
Her hand still was held to relieve,
Where affliction was ready to crave,
And it sooths me, the moments I grieve
To the daisies that sprinkle her grave:

Still I run o'er the charms of her youth,
All her virtues still rush on my mind;
Her tongue was the fountain of truth,
And she never at fortune repin'd:
As I turn from a duty like this,
(Let the tongues of impertinence rave)
I print the affectionate kiss
On the daisies that sprinkle her grave.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

"Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of Thee?"

MILTON.

FROM Thanet's silver cliffs, one morn in June,
Just when the Lark began his earliest tune,
A Sylvan blithe, who shuns the midnight schools,
The city's bustle and the pomp of fools,
The potent bowl that makes the fever'd head,
And binds the noon-day fluggard to his bed;
Who loves plain Nature, simple as she seems,
Far before fashion and her wide extremes,
Unwrung by care, at this still hour survey'd
The wond'rous beauties Nature's self had made;
The while the minutes led the rising beam,
With soul enrapt, in extacy supreme,
Ere yet the rays above the flood appear,
Thus sang, what virtue may not tire to hear.

Let all beneath this hemisphere,
With eye to see, with ear to hear,
Be still as is the evening's close,
When Zephyrs tire to kiss the rose,
Be still as is the grey-ey'd morn,
When dew-drops sleep upon the thorn,
Or the clear lake at sultry noon,
When not a bird essays a tune:
For lo! the genial power is near
That makes the day, and decks the year.

K

Ye

Ye streams that over pebbles flow,
And ye tall trees that bloom below;
Ye reeds soft whisp'ring by the rill,
All for a little space be still;
Ye wanton breezes just awake,
Be dormant in the thickest brake,
Or hollow of some tide-worn clift,
Where broods the curlew and the swift;
And hark! how quiet Nature lies!
Not e'en a whisper seems to rise.

Now his emergent charms unfold
A scene most like to liquid gold;
When in the fire by chemic art
'Tis freed of every adverse part:
How sweet his beams bring up the day!
How peaceful on the waters play!
The summit of this hill, how bright!
I'm ravish'd with the new-born light;
Break, break! the universal pause,
All yield him rapture and applause.

Ye happy commoners who rove
By streamlet's side, in lawn or grove;
And you who love the marsh or fen,
The wild thyme clift, or clover glen,
All from your seats in orchards, bowers,
Deck'd with ten thousand buds and flow'rs,
Stretch wide your downy throats and raise
The sweetest concert to his praise:
For to his kindness more you owe,
Than I can name, or you can know.

And thou, sweet minstrel of the morn,
Surpassing all that perch the thorn,
Or to the sea-lav'd rocks belong,
For melody and length of song;

Swift

Swift from the wheat-clad field arise,
And greet the glory of the skies :
Trill ! louder trill, as you ascend
To meet your comforter and friend ;
Than thou wert won't, ah ! higher fly,
Exult, and longer keep the sky.

Ye num'rous train of fragrant flow'rs,
Surcharged by the midnight show'rs,
Display your gold and silver cells
Where dimpled-vifag'd pleasure dwells ;
From whose chaste and balmy lips,
The wand'ring bee her honey sips ;
O lift your little heads, and raise
A stream of odours to his praise !
For 'twas his kindly soft'ring ray,
That made you charming, sweet, and gay.

Ye new-dress'd oaks, my country's boast,
Guard of our sea-encircled coast ;
And ye tall elms that tow'r on high,
Seeming to pierce the distant sky ;
Beach-tree and yew beside the church,
The nut-brown hazel and the birch ;
Ye blooming trees that scent the air,
The golden pippin, blushing pear,
And all that crown the tufted knoll,
Yield him your praise—the world's great soul !

Come echo ! who delights to dwell
Where the calm hermit makes his cell ;
Or where the glow-worm's feeble spark
Peeps faintly thro' the dismal dark ;
Come from your cave, so loan, so drear,
Ten thousand grateful songs to hear ;

O quickly come! with these rejoice,
 Gaily respond each chearful voice,
 Respond the brown wren's tuneful lay,
 To greet his never-wasting ray.

Ye sev'ring clouds that nurs'd the gloom
 That cover'd night's ungenial womb,
 Fly, swifter fly his glowing face,
 Nor hide the least ætherial space;
 Ye cataracts that foam and roar
 From rock to rock, from shore to shore,
 And you the swelling tide below,
 Still constant in your ebb and flow,
 Blend as you rise your murmuring voice,
 And with the springs and streams rejoice.

Ye num'rous flocks that round me graze,
 Lift up your heads with grateful gaze,
 For when bespread with numbing snow,
 Your new-year'd lambs crept chill and slow,
 He, with his ever-chearing ray,
 Soon sooth'd their woes, and made them gay,
 Temper'd the bosom of the mead,
 And gave them store of clover feed:
 For this before his spreading blaze,
 With one accord bleat! bleat his praise!

Ye lusty beeves that grace our land
 From Orkney to the Southern strand;
 From Mona, where fair plenty smiles,
 Thro' Cambria to the Scilly Isles:
 Ye lusty tenants of our fertile shore,
 All hail him with majestic roar!
 Let all that's finite, for all such
 Cheer at his life-inspiring touch,
 Send forth in form, however rude,
 Some sign of lovely gratitude.

'Tis

'Tis done ! 'tis done ! and all around,
 Love, Gratitude, and Joy abound :
 Hark ! from ten thousand tuneful throats,
 How blithe the breeze bears up their notes !
 Rise from your lair, foul fluggard rise,
 And look upon the azure skies ;
 Here lend thine ear and feel with me
 The pow'r of the Divinity :
 Then shall you sigh and much lament
 For early prime so idly spent.

Come hither if your revel's done,
 And look upon the rising sun,
 You whose delight is to recline
 Upon the laps of vice and wine,
 Who seldom view a ray of light,
 Except the torches of the night.
 Yet stay you with your stupid mien,
 You are not fit for such a scene ;
 Your thoughts (if thought you have) are rude,
 Unmeet to mix with Gratitude.

Sons of the nymph Sobriety,
 Come and surmount the hill with me ;
 With lip unsully'd, fresh and gay,
 To meet the Sun's returning ray ;
 Mount the rapt soul, in songs rejoice,
 Man, above all, should raise the voice ;
 Not Pagan like, to Sol alone,
 But to the high eternal Throne,
 Where sits the only Pow'r Divine,
 Who made the Sun, and bade him shine.

THE
FALL OF THE LEAF.

A MONODY.

OCCASIONED BY THE PREMATURE DEATH OF
MRS. ELIZABETH COOPER,

OCTOBER 22d, 1796.

“ She never told her grief, but like a new blown rose furcharged with
“ The Summer rain, reclined her beauteous head in tears;
“ A cankering sadness chill’d her gentle breast,
“ Nor could affection or maternal love invite to live,
“ For ah! she silent bent and died.”

SCENE.—EVENING, ON THE SEA SHORE.

AH, where are those comforts I promis’d my age?

Like the sun-beams of April they’re flown;

How little of Life now remains to engage?

Scarce a bliss I may reckon my own:

Bright shade of that being my soul held so dear,

In this solitude bend to my grief,

’Tis for thee I lament with the sigh and the tear,

For thou’rt gone with the FALL OF THE LEAF.

Ye Tempests dark gathering, ye wake not my fears,

Loudly bluster ye Gales up the Deep,

Descend ye black trav’lers, spread round your big tears,

In concert ’till midnight we’ll weep:

Ye sulph’rous stores dart your flame from the cloud,

Your Thunders to me are too brief,

’This evening to Sorrow in secret I’ve vow’d,

’Midst thy fires and the FALL OF THE LEAF.

Now

Now the blast bellows up from the surge-beaten shore,
As sad eve hangs the curtains of Night
The sick Autumn bends downward to mingle the roar,
And the Herdsmen are fled with affright,
Like a Giant remorseless the winds tear their prey,
The sea-bird flits screaming her grief,
All Nature in terror accords with my lay,
And laments in the FALL OF THE LEAF.

How the Equinox curls up the foam to the sky,
And the Mariner mounts on the wave?
O ye Fiends of the Tempest, rush harmlessly by,
Lest he meet with a watery grave,
Safe let him regain Hospitality's board,
And the parents who claim him with grief,
And their hearts shall be glad, and the vessel be moor'd
While the gale waits the FALL OF THE LEAF.

As for me, I'd a Lily, the pride of the Spring,
How painful the tale to relate?
A dart from the arm of the terrible king
Has lavished her beauties on Fate,
Beloved for her mildness, seraphic her song,
With a Soul ever bent on relief;
Ah! could she still warble to pleasure the throng,
But she's gone with the FALL OF THE LEAF.

All closed are these eyes which unrivall'd could beam,
As her hand dealt a bounty to Woe;
Those Fountains of Pity, so much in esteem
With the objects who taught them to flow,
That tongue too is silent that scarce spoke amiss,
That was first to ameliorate grief,
And those lips which a Seraph in friendship might kiss,
Are all cold in the FALL OF THE LEAF.

ELIZA

ELIZA was charming, and constantly gay
 As the bird that re-visits our clime,
 The day of her Life was the budding of May,
 And her cheek the sweet Pink in it's prime;
 But the hand of Affliction soon mantled her face,
 And her eye told the progress of Grief;
 Ah! had it been mine, thus to pine in her place,
 She had smiled in the FALL OF THE LEAF.

One germ from my Lily is left to invite,
 Where the winds of disaster deform,
 May the spirits of Peace, who in mercies delight,
 Still shelter her head from the storm;
 Be her mind like her Parent's, more happy her fate,
 May no time cloud her beauty with Grief,
 But the Loves and the Graces incessantly wait
 'Till grey age brings the FALL OF THE LEAF.

Bright Spirit, adieu, if 'tis Virtue's to rise,
 Thy reward shall be rapture immense,
 For that worth upon earth must be dear to the skies
 That never gave mortal offence;
 In my moments of quiet, thy delicate frame
 In soft fancy shall temper my grief,
 And at morn and at eve, I will call on thy name,
 'Till I drop like the FALL OF THE LEAF.

As the blast bends the Oak, so shall Time bend down Man,
 All his beauties as surely disrobe,
 And who shall encounter so fatal a plan?
 Not e'en Tyrants who govern the globe;
 Be mine resignation to bow at the will
 Of him who blends Hope with our Grief,
 As I've shar'd of the sweets, let me bear with the ill,
 Till I sink with the FALL OF THE LEAF.

WHAT

WHAT IS NONSENCE?

YOU ask "*What is Nonsense?*" There's nothing so plain,
The high Courts of Sciences Nonsense maintain;
They tell us in ETHICS there's sovereign good,
And that LOGIC brings VERITY out of the wood;
Perpetual motion MECHANICS make known,
While CHEMISTRY boasts her Philosopher's stone.

This is Nonsense.

When THEOLOGY tells us the world she'll unite
In one only Faith, and the Faith only right;
When HISTORY calls you to look on her acts,
Protesting her Records are nothing but facts;
Above all the rest, to surprize us the most,
Hear LAW in her pleadings of Honesty boast.

This is Nonsense.

Bad governments station'd to keep Fools in awe,
Will tell you their systems are pure without flaw;
To say that in Conquests no int'rest is meant,
That Nature for Man has eternal content;
That MED'CINE a sure art of healing may fit,
And that bold NAVIGATION the Longitudes hit.

This is Nonsense.

When grave MATHEMATICS with PALLAS's air,
Attempts to instruct us true circles to square;
That a strait line and curve the same figure provides,
And talks of diagonals losing their sides;
That two distinct numbers are one and the same,
I say when to these she ascribes her long name,

This is Nonsense.

When solemn DIVINITY, let me beware,
 And touch on this Thesis with delicate care;
 I say, when the Priest to perfection exhorts,
 Says impurities never once enter'd his thoughts;
 That the stream of authority knows but one spring,
 And that only found with the Church and the King.

This is Nonsense.

To war without money, to fish without bait,
 To cash without credit or landed estate;
 By merit to rise to preferment and place,
 By sincerity pick up a loan from his Grace;
 I say, while all these are laid down for sure rules,
 As they certainly are in our Public Schools,

This is Nonsense.

Since Nonsense is cherish'd by most learned folk,
 To Nonsense we'll bow, and with glee wear her yoke;
 KINGS, PRINCES, and PRELATES, in Nonsense delight,
 And I, without drinking, much Nonsense shall write;
 Then here goes to Phillis—the Toast brothers join,
 For what's all the world without woman and wine?

But vile Nonsense.

TO THE SLUGGARD.

SLEEP, sleep, thou sluggard, fear to rise,
 Not made for thee are morning skies;
 Thy midnight cup and aching head
 Still bids thee hug thy drowsy bed:
 Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss to thee,
 But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then for care I breathe a cure;
 You also breathe, but not so pure;
 I, the sweets of every hill,
 You a breath that helps to kill:
 Enjoy the blifs, if blifs to thee,
 But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I hear the sky-lark rife;
 You also hear—your London cries;
 Be fuch thy lot, the while I rove
 To hear the mufic of the grove:
 Enjoy the blifs, if blifs to thee,
 But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I catch the dappled trout;
 You also catch—but catch the gout;
 Whilft free from pain my limbs I ufe,
 And led by Pleafure, court the Mufe:
 Enjoy the blifs, if blifs to thee,
 But leave the morning beams for me,

'Tis then I view th' enamell'd fence,
 And find a charm for every fenfe;
 You also view were flow'rs befpread,
 But on the fence that fhields thy bed;
 Enjoy the blifs, if blifs to thee,
 But leave the morning beams for me,

'Tis then, with fpirits light and free,
 I contemplate the bufy Bee;
 By her purfuits, improv'd, I cry,
 "Here, Sluggard, learn thou induftry:"
 Enjoy the blifs, if blifs it be,
 But leave the morning beams for me.

O then, while you the hours destroy,
 Kind Nature fills my soul with joy;
 Presents her choicest bloom to see,
 And points the wond'rous DEITY:
 Go, boast thy bliss, if bliss it be,
 But leave the morning beams for me.

Whilst bloom and verdure dress the thorn,
 O let me breathe the breath of morn;
 And should you scorn my humble lay,
 Go, Sluggard, sleep thy life away:
 Enjoy such bliss, if bliss it be,
 Still leave the morning beams for me.

W E D L O C K.

LET the lad, who for Hymen's fair kingdom inclin'd,
 Before he sets off, get the girl to his mind;
 As but one at a time only falls to his share,
 Let him chuse her with due circumspection and care:
 Such caution omitted in taking a wife,
 Rude brambles may trouble his road-way of life—
 To lend you a list, as a brother should do,
 I'll tell you the method that I would pursue.

In years, where equality must not preside,
 Be sure that the youngest be always the bride;
 A doctrine like this, happy Prudence esteems,
 Who ever grows sad at the sight of extremes;
 For when blooming twenty is wed to threescore,
 The motive is int'rest, and love is no more,
 Foul Jealousy follows, Contempt in the van,
 And Nature, wise Nature, is cross'd in her plan.

The fine dressy fair, with a plume to invite,
 Of such have a care, for her brain may be light;
 From matters domestic she'll oft fly away,
 Where Fashion and Folly give laws to the gay;
 From her conduct your purse too soon will be light,
 Your days much perplex'd, and no rapture at night;
 The saws of reflection you'll hardly endure,
 For death! only death! works the radical cure.

Shun the talkative dame, Oh! she never will do,
 'Tis an hundred to one that she turns out a shrew;
 Above all the rest, ne'er the flatterers come near—
 I would not have such with a thousand a year.
 The too delicate Miss too, that's still over nice,
 Prithee leave her alone—Oh! avoid the precise,
 For under that mask very often I've seen—
 A word to the wise boys—you know what I mean.

But should you once meet with a partner who'll blend
 In wedlock's soft bondage the lover and friend,
 The chearful companion at home and away,
 Not the least of the dowdy, nor wholly too gay;
 Strike the bargain at once, to the altar repair,
 You'll find her an antidote always for care.
 Let the rake sneer at this, on the town spend his wealth,
 Whilst he's poison'd by quacks, you'll be happy in health.

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE Marillo liv'd gay, amidst plenty and wealth,
 What numbers repair'd to ask after his health!
 So kind was each friend, from Sir Knight to the peasant,
 That scarce a day pass'd without yielding a present.

On

On Monday a buck came from Counsellor Suttle,
 On Tuesday a turtle from Alderman Guttle;
 On Wednesday the Doctor would know of his gout,
 While John leaves a basket, containing some trout;
 On Thursday Tom Goodshot presents him a hare,
 And on Friday, the high-season'd ham of a bear
 Is left by a porter from Billy C. C.
 (Common Council-men know how these letters agree);
 On Saturday, still to carry the farce on,
 A covey of birds is sent up by the Parson;
 On Sunday each friend sends Marillo a line,
 Most humbly requesting Marillo to dine.
 Thus day after day, while he'd int'rest and treasure,
 The friends of Marillo caress'd him with pleasure.

Ah Fortune! thro' thee, thou fomentor of strife,
 How many vicissitudes checquer this life!
 Thro' thee, who makes kingdoms to rise and to fall,
 Marillo, the wealthy, was robb'd of his all!
 So great was his fall, that in less than a year,
 He who ne'er wanted claret, now wanted small-beer,
 At length, some relief for his sufferings to find,
 He applies to those friends who had us'd him so kind,
 And, much to his wonder, he found, when he came,
 The Barrister busy, the Alderman lame;
 The Doctor was absent, the 'Squire out of call,
 And the C. C. was getting his speech for Guildhall;
 Tom Goodshot, the sportsman, was always from home,
 And the Parson translating some scurvy old tome:
 In short, where before he met kindness profuse,
 Was coldness, indifference, sneer, or abuse.
 'Till one lucky morn put him out of his pain,
 For a Chancery-suit made Marillo again—
 Strait the Sportsman, the Parson, the Doctor, the Cit,
 'Squire, Alderman Guttle, and Council to wit,

Like

Like dogs, to the shambles that fed them before,
 Came running, and meanly dar'd rap on his door;
 Marillo had learn'd in adversity's school,
 To distinguish the friend from the knave and the fool,
 So call'd Dick, the porter, to shew them the street,
 As wretches made up of the meanest deceit,
 Protesting, such friendship as theirs, to his sight,
 Was counterfeit coinage, and not worth a doit.
 May the heart that is lib'ral thus always distinguish,
 Be open to worth, but such beings relinquish.

LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO.

OLD CAREY, the miser, fell sick on Whit-Sunday,
 And died (without making a will) upon Monday,
 For no sound so painfully pass'd 'tween his teeth
 As these heart-piercing sounds—"I'll give and bequeath:"
 For Decency's sake, Dad was kept above ground,
 'Till Phœbus had seven times travell'd his round,
 Then Dick saw him safely laid under the green,
 And with glee left the Sexton to finish the scene;
 For Dick was full glad from a Sire to be freed,
 Who ne'er bestow'd two-pence to learn him to read;
 In dreams full of pleasure Dick pass'd away night,
 Arose with the morning as soon as 'twas light;
 Locks, bolts, bars, and latches, flew back at his pleasure,
 And Dick, who'd been pennyless, now had a treasure;
 Ten thousand bright guineas, nay, twelve, some agree,
 A mine that Dick never expected to see.
 Now Dick dresses gay, drinks his bottle in bliss,
 To follow the taste, keeps a gig and a Miss;
 Mounts a high mettld nag, of the Newmarket kind,
 With another for Thomas to gallop behind;

Still

Still day after day, Richard adds to his vice,
 Turns the E O about, and now rattles the dice;
 Now trots for a thousand, bets deep at a match,
 Or draws for a hundred a straw from the thatch;
 In short, so compleat is our Richard by Spring,
 He's remark'd by my Lord, and is reckon'd the thing:
 But, alas! just as Richard began to look big,
 With Miss, horses, and E O, with dice and with gig,
 What father had hoarded by living too near,
 Dick compleatly kick'd down in the round of one year.
 His mistress forsakes him, but this is not strange,
 The wife, may be true, but the mistress will change:
 His mistress forsakes him, and creditors rude
 With long bills and long faces begin to intrude;
 Instead of a gelding, Dick uses his feet,
 And, to finish the plan, he's lock'd up in the Fleet.
 So little affected is Dick at his state,
 That he laughs at all such as may pity his fate,
 And thus he replies, should you talk of his woe,
 The adage I prove, "lightly come, lightly go;"
 Had Old Cary bestow'd the tenth part of his care
 Of forming the morals of Dicky his heir,
 'Tis an hundred to one, if the bliss of his soul
 Had thus quickly dissolv'd like a lump in the bowl;
 The efforts of Prudence had curb'd his loose drift,
 And each guinea been turn'd in the markets of thrift;
 Take this hint, oh ye churl! mind to bend the young twig,
 Or your mass must dissolve be it ever so big.

WHERE IS FRIENDSHIP?

SING Muse where is FRIENDSHIP, so oft on the tongue,
 Does she dwell with the aged, or sport with the young,
 Or comes she from Jove, a soft soother of care,
 To that mansion of triumph, the breast of the fair?

To

To sing of dear FRIENDSHIP, and speak all her worth,
 Some Sylph from the skies must promulgate on earth;
 These truths I've collected to garnish my song,
 And I yield them with rapture the rational throng.

True FRIENDSHIP's a Cherub full rare to be seen,
 With MODESTY sometimes she shelters her mien;
 Where smiling benign in HUMILITY's seat,
 The mask of HYPOCRISY melts at her feet.

At the soft tale of PITY in haste she resorts
 To SIMPLICITY's cottage, but seldom to Courts;
 Wherever she enters, HOPE beams on DESPAIR,
 For her hand like a God plucks AFFLICTION from CARE.

O let me, with FRIENDSHIP, INCAUTION forewarn,
 To fly from the creatures true FRIENDSHIP must scorn;
 PRIESTS, PRINCES, and STATESMEN, she passes with shame,
 For 'tis INT'REST that prompts when they mention her name.

O'er the gay nightly bowl should her semblance arise
 With the fumes of the glass, in the morning it flies,
 Less stable than globules of dew in the sun,
 Is the FRIENDSHIP with BACCHUS and COMUS begun.

The Vintner will smile while kind fortune bestows,
 In poverty shun you, and league with your foes,
 As the Lamb from the Viper recede with disgust,
 For FRIENDSHIP surveys all the tribe with distrust.

Nor trust soft ASSURANCE, full often she's found
 Like a drum to be hollow, and made up of sound;
 But ask for a loan, and the fingers of such
 Contract like the sensitive plant at the touch.

True FRIENDSHIP, like MERCY, preserves your good name,
Grows sad at your sighs, and exults with your fame;
If the traits of your folly she stoops to disclose,
'Tis the breath of the Zephyr while kissing the rose.

When FRIENDSHIP reproves us, all concord her sounds,
Like a parent, her wish is to heal as she wounds,
And we feel as her precepts are usher'd to teach,
The honey-dew spreading the down of the peach.

No fordid Persuasion can alter her plan,
True FRIENDSHIP's alive to the int'rest of man;
Had the charmer extension all life to embrace,
Ev'ry woe would be heal'd by the cup of her grace.

Since FRIENDSHIP's so lib'ral, yet rare to be found,
In these regions of caprice, where follies abound;
Say, how shall we welcome the charmer divine,
This offspring of TRUTH, and this foe to DESIGN.

Sincere as the PERSIAN salutes the bright skies,
As BRAMIN the GANGES' rich waves as they rise,
I'll kiss thy bright sandal, and drop on my knee,
For there's nothing, dear FRIENDSHIP, so charming as thee.

With high exultation, I'll tell it around,
In the breast of ELIZA, still FRIENDSHIP is found;
Would you cherish the guest, you who bend to my lays,
Go hang up your follies, and copy her ways.

A SAILOR'S

A SAILOR'S PARTING.

FOR Ten long years I've serv'd the King,
In India East and West,
Thro' cold and heat, from Spring to Spring,
For England done my best;
A recompence for all my toil
Of late I thought in view,
To cheer beneath thy tender smile,
And live at home with you.

But hark! the dreadful blast of War
Across the Channel flies;
That Gallic pride we still abhor,
The Wreath of Peace denies;
Farewell my JANE, again I go,
The Boatswain pipes the Crew;
I'll first to Sea and fight the Foe,
Then live at home with you.

But should some saucy Bullet fly
To make me Cockpit guest,
Why JENNY never heave a sigh,
A Sailor's life's a jest,
Some Landsman take, who dreads the Waves,
And fears the Foe to view,
He's safe, who never Danger braves,
To live at home with you.

But cheer, my Heart, we part to meet,
Hope still the Seaman's friend,
Shall mock the Winds, and glad the Fleet,
And 'midst the fight defend:
I come, my Mefs-mates, cease the Call,
My JENNY dear, adieu!
I'll beat the Foe, and after all
Return and die with you,

A SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN blood-stain'd War fought Hell's wide brink,
Peace came, with look so kind,
To give poor Soldiers time to think
On those they left behind;
Ah, never more be't mine to roam,
Young WILLIAM cheering cried,
And eager for his native home,
He took the rising tide.

Where THANET lifts her bloom-dress'd head
The friendly Vessel mov'd,
On shore the hero fondly fled,
And blessed the Land he lov'd;
“And art thou come?” his NANCY cry'd,
Quoth he, thy WILLIAM 's here,
He press'd her waist, and as she sigh'd,
Kiss'd off the joyful tear.

No Gold bring I from Belgia's shore,
No Plunder won by blood;
Honour I bring, and ask no more,
Except my Country's good;
Enough (she cried) be now content,
From Battle's Toil refrain,
For many a Youth is thither sent,
But never comes again.

Low sleeps my Dad yon Church-way near,
His flocks, his fields, are mine;
Take thou this hand, my WILLIAM dear,
His fields, his flocks, are thine:
Content, he vow'd to quit the gun,
To lead a peaceful life,
The Village Parson made them one,
And NANNY 's now a Wife.

THE

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I'VE travers'd the mountains, the lowlands retrac'd,
Led the Dance in the Court, sang of Love in the Cot,
Have set at the tables Nobility grac'd,
Have pitied, but never once envy'd their lot :
To the Play have I stray'd, at the Wake on the green
Oft toy'd with the simple, and kiss'd with the smart,
But ne'er in my Rambles a Fair one have seen
Like PHILLIS, the Girl that enamours my heart.

With a silly conceit about Idle descent
Have the proud, lofty dames of the Court met my flame,
Forgetting Nobility never was meant,
Where Titles have barter'd their Virtue for shame :
The Girls of the Cottage I own are divine,
From these with a sigh I've been forc'd to depart,
But ah ! I'll forget them, since PHILLIS is mine,
The delicate Girl that enamours my heart.

Some meet me too awkward, and others too gay,
All covered with feathers, false tresses, and paint,
While this has an eye to lead thousands astray,
Untemper'd by Modesty's decent restraint ;
Miss prattles too much for the task of a Wife,
Tho' I own she has wit like the point of a dart ;
But what's all her wit to the peace of my life,
With PHILLIS, the Girl that enamours my heart.

Come Midsummer next, when my Treasures increase,
I'll take the dear Charmer to share of my store,
For I would not with Poverty ruffle her peace,
(That Fiend ! that drives conjugal Love from the door) :

Come

Come losses, come crosses, or whatever may,
 I'll ne'er, like the fool, act Despondency's part,
 But dance through the world, and pluck flow'rs by the way,
 For PHILLIS, the Girl that enamours my heart.

FROM MAY TO MAY.

DEAR girl, come taste our vernal bliss,
 Far flies the wint'ry blast,
 And Zephyrs come, the cheek to kiss
 To cheer for terrors past;
 Blithe sing the Larks o'er all the hills,
 Where we were wont to stray,
 And health comes fleeting down the hills,
 To welcome in the May.
 From strawy cots the honey-bees,
 On wanton pinions range,
 And culling sweets from new-dress'd trees
 Soft sing the season's change,
 The swallow comes a selfish friend,
 To charm while Summer's gay,
 But when the days to Winter bend
 He shuns the friends of May.
 Fly then, my love, the City scene,
 Where Care the shuttle plies;
 By midnight lamp, with sickly mien,
 To gain what fate denies;
 Where (but for hope that comfort brings)
 I'd never spend a day;
 From this blest source my rapture springs,
 To breathe with thee the May.

The while we trace the mountain top,

I'll sing of charms below;

The spreading herds, the rising crop,

And things full meet to know;

Should vernal show'rs disturb the scene,

We'll seek the wood-bine spray,

Or talk of love, till heav'n's serene

Beneath the bloom of May.

As oft I trace my groves alone,

For thee, dear maid, I sigh;

O think, how time, that stays for none

Is always passing by:

Too soon shall come the winter drear

To mock the seasons gay,

And morning drop the chilling tear,

For long departed May.

Come, then, nor yet a moment waste,

While scenes like these invite;

And when new suns to darkness haste,

And set in length'ning night;

Unlike the vagrant vernal bird,

Will I beside thee stay,

And still thy love shall be prefer'd,

Dear girl, from May to May.

THE QUESTION, 1797.

YOU boast of fair Liberty, where is she found?

Does she dwell with your Senate or Laws?

By the latter your tongues are eternally bound,

And the other's all mangled with flaws.

Is she known to your Faith? Is she seen in your trade?

Here Commerce long shackled complain;

"I have not for ages beheld the dear maid,"

And the Church knows she's not of her train.

Does she hide in your mountains? Where still she was seen

While Alfred was Lord of the soil;

To gladden the heart, to gay mantle the mein,

And to sweeten the efforts of toil.

Nor your Vales, nor your Hills, can the Cherubim trace,

Your Game Laws have chac'd her afar;

On the mountains of France I have seen her dear face,

Beaming rays like a Bethlehem star.

O ye of the Isles are your Fathers forgot;

Shall Freedom bless Gallia alone;

Ah! will ye not blush at so servile a lot,

And still bend with the sigh and the groan?

From the Hell-hounds of State snatch the pow'r to oppress,

He who tamely submits to such knaves,

Still adds a new link to the chain of distress,

And makes one in a market of slaves.

Bright Genius of Britain spread comfort around,

With thy Clarion awaken the Isle,

And millions shall mantle and rouse at the sound,

E'en Mis'ry shall dance with a smile;

Be thy Banners, O Liberty, quickly unfurl'd,

And thy spirit, (by Tyrants accursed),

Spread swift with the winds round the globe of the world,

"Till Eternity break it to dust.

AMOR PATRIÆ, 1797.

“ The noblest Motive is the Public good.”

RISE, Albion, rise! awake to Fame,
Thy glory's dim'd by venal Knaves;
To honour deaf, and lost to shame,
They forge us fetters fit for Slaves:
O had I great Alcides' power
To drive from Earth this dreadful Trine*,
No more should Hydra jaws devour
What Patriot zeal esteems divine.

Oft as mine eye thy page surveys,
Once old Ocean's fav'rite Isle;
Charm'd with thy Druids' sacred lays,
I yield the soft approving smile;
Thy glorious story fires my breast,
'Till mem'ry tells each wrong of thine;
Then would mine arm exert its best,
So pure the Patriot flame is mine.

Great Russel, Hamden, Sydney, hear,
Look, gallant Spirits, look below;
What faintest eye can hold the tear,
Knowing all we are doom'd to know?

* These three men have involved us in a war, in the prosecution of which they have already squandered upwards of one hundred and thirty millions of money; they have already laid Taxes upon the People to the amount of six millions and a half annually; and the lives which they have sacrificed, and the sums which they have added to human misery, exceed all calculation or belief.

Robb'd of Freedom, Wealth, and Speech,
Bleeding at Ambition's shrine,
Could I, bright Stars! the thunder reach,
My Patriot flame should equal thine.

As round Elysium bow'rs ye fray,
Wake those who for their Country died;
Relate but once the Land's dismay,
Discribe our Tyrants, tell their Pride;
And if corporeal forms again
They visit, by the will divine,
Admit me of the sacred train,
For all the Patriot flame is mine.

O ye who for your Freedom fell,
Still to the Muse and Britain dear;
Bright Constellations bow to tell,
Is blest emancipation near?
Like thee, despotic pow'r, I'd brave,
(Go Cowards kiss oppression's shrine);
Thrice let me die ere live a Slave,
So much the Patriot flame is mine.

Just heav'n annihilate our foes,
A Junto vile, for Virtue's hate;
Give Peace to soothe our bleeding woes,
And snatch us from impending Fate;
A drooping Bard who loves the land,
Shall wake to raptures at the change;
And dance with Freedom hand in hand,
Where Patriot Spirits love to range.

THE PEDESTRIAN TRAVELLER AT HOME.

OVER furze-cover'd mountains as weary I roam,
When the bright stars of evening appear,
What pleasing sensation while panting for home,
As the village dog breaks on the ear.
Thro' the half-broken pane should the candle-light beam,
Chear'd by Hope how my footsteps increase;
I trip up the bridge that bends over the stream,
And enter the Mansion of Peace.

In the clean wicker chair as I sit at my ease,
(The gay cricket saluting the while),
My Landlady comes with a welcome to please,
And presents the cool draught with a smile.
I promise to pledge her, she modestly sips,
When I take from her hand the brisk bowl;
And O! how the Julap glides through my parch'd lips,
To revive the faint springs of my soul.

Dame spreads the low table with cloth white as curd,
For the brown wheaten loaf and the cheese;
Be dainties of fashion by fribbles preferr'd,
They but pamper the blood to disease;
Health follows my footsteps, tho' beckon'd by kings,
And sits down by my side with good will;
While the village Excise-man some new ditty sings,
Or the well-powder'd man from the mill.

Now I fall into chat, without any offence,
With the Curate, whose living's so small,
And wish that the moments may quickly commence,
When there's equal provision for all;

The Schoolmaster joins me, and Stavewell the Clerk,
 To my table sits merrily down;
 And the Barber beside, a loquacious spark,
 Who knows all the bad news of the town.

Now cup follows cup as we puff the white fume,
 'Tis not easy for friendship to part;
 For while the brisk columns curl round the wide room,
 Mirth binds in soft fetters the heart.
 From the vase Temp'rance deals, Excess never flows,
 (Seldom mingled vile courtier for thee);
 The fly bred on carrion may rifle the rose,
 But the sweets were design'd for the Bee.

O let me, so long as I travel life's road,
 Ne'er want for such comforts as these;
 And I'll care not though riches be thinly bestow'd,
 Far better Health, Friendship, and Ease.
 Your Lords may despise them, I care not for Lords,
 With Simplicity let me sit down;
 Should I ne'er want the blessings the cottage affords,
 Let blockheads go hunt for renown.

INVOCATION

TO A

BACKWARD SPRING.

SWEET FLORA, revisit our Isle,
 Come quickly, and lead up the May,
 For ah! how I suffer the while
 The pastures reprove thy delay:

Rude

Rude howls the bleak wind round my Cot,
 Where late softly murmur'd the Tide,
 And the grey duck attach'd to the spot,
 Danc'd round with her young at her side.

From the Elder-tree melt the pale snow,
 'Tis time she should put forth her green,
 And again bid the rivulets flow
 And the Daffodil brighten the scene;
 New robe the tall kings of the Grove,
 Bid the Birch and the Poplar look gay,
 Bid the Eglantine form an Alcove,
 And the Nightingale sing in the spray.

Again bid the Hawthorn-tree charm,
 That my Bees may replenish the Hive,
 And the Finch shall be shelter'd from harm,
 And the nest for her purpose contrive;
 Bid the Horn-beam it's foliage entwine,
 To harbour the amorous Dove,
 And safe from the Rustic's design
 She shall cherish the offspring of Love.

Re-mantle the Farm on the Hill,
 Where age shivers pale at the breeze,
 And the foot-way that leads to the Mill,
 Where the rill whisper'd under the trees,
 Then the meads for the Cattle shall smile,
 Then the Sheep on the pastures be fed,
 And the Milk-maid trip over the Stile,
 And sing with the pail on her head,

Bid Zephyr diffuse his soft gale,
 That the Lambs round the hare-bell may feed,
 Wake the Vi'let that sleeps in the vale,
 With the Cowslip the pride of the mead;

Let

94 INVOCATION TO A BACKWARD SPRING.

Let the Furze yield it's blossoms of gold,
Bid the Tansy perfume the still glade,
And the Wild-thyme it's sweets shall unfold,
And the Dog-rose embellish the shade.

Bid the Clover it's fragrancy yield,
That the Mower may furbish his scythe;
Bid the Pea-blossoms garnish the field,
And my PHOEBE shall gather a tythe
Of the fairest that blow on the plain,
Of the sweetest that spring in the grove,
To wreath, gentle goddess, thy Fane,
For thou art the mother of Love.

Blest fertility waits on thy smiles,
At thy presence rude Famine shall fly,
O, come and re-mantle our Isles
With Beauties so dear to the eye;
At thy coming, the wretched shall cheer,
My fancy shall mount on the wing,
And my gratitude ravish the ear,
For there's nothing so grateful as Spring.

TO-MORROW.

WHAT my good Sire bequeath'd when of age I possess'd;
How I laugh at dull precepts! how drunk, and how dress'd!
Say Reason, who watch'd me with sorrow;
As the wind spreads the sand, so gold flew before me,
My fellows pretended to love and adore me,
I never once thought on To-morrow.

The

The good rules of my teachers entirely forgot,
 I was first at confusion, the best at a plot,
 And oft wrought the innocent sorrow :
 Still follow'd each fashion, was first in the rage,
 And the well temper'd saws of instructing old age
 Urg'd to-day, were rejected To-Morrow.

To masks, balls, and plays, O! how oft would I treat!
 My companions commended a spirit so great,
 And oft condescended to borrow :
 Like a lad of high mettle I love to be free ;
 I lent them my money, my credit with glee,
 And ne'er lost a thought on To-Morrow.

The girls of the town shar'd my bounty profuse,
 The tavern-men bow'd as I pass'd to their stews ;
 On this I reflect with much sorrow :
 Oh! could I regain what I've squander'd on these,
 My purse would be full, and my bosom at ease,
 With contentment in store for To-Morrow.

At the cock-pit and turf I've been often caress'd
 By the high-titled knave, with the star on his breast ;
 Their meanness has brought me to sorrow :
 The Justice and Vicar have fed at my board ;
 But now not a dinner these harpies afford—
 O had I ta'en care for To-Morrow !

Ye rakes take the hint, fickle fortune is blind,
 Give o'er your pursuits while the goddess is kind,
 In truth 'twill preserve you from sorrow :
 The wretches who help you to squander away,
 Will smile at your folly, and greet you to-day,
 But pass you unnotic'd To-Morrow.

The corrector, Reflection, shall then step between,
 Upbraid thy past conduct, and shew thee a scene

Replete

Replete with sad objects of sorrow :
 Convinc'd of thy folly, in Poverty's school,
 'Tis well if thou dost not treat yesterday's fool
 With a fourpenny halter To-Morrow.

RINGWOOD ALE.

WHERE fondly STOUR and AVON meet,
 Round CERDIC's * sculptur'd pile,
 And ev'ry bush with bloom replete,
 From sorrow draws a smile;
 There faithful love and beauty glads
 The Rustics of the vale,
 And there the merry Christ Church lads
 Put round the RINGWOOD ALE.

Blow high the wind, or beat the rain,
 Let SOLANT † foam and roar;
 Or let the tempest sweep the plain,
 Or wrecks spread all the shore;
 HANTONIAN boys will never heed,
 But mock the rampant gale,
 And chaunt the song, and puff the weed,
 While they get RINGWOOD ALE.

Ale warms the blood, and nerves the arm
 To wield the fatal blade,
 And should the country's foes alarm,
 Or land with fierce parade,

* A fair monument to the memory of CERDIC, King of the West Saxons.

† Water that parts the Isle of Wight from the New Forest.

The lads who teach the cup to flow,
 And love the blest regale,
 Shall fly to arms and teach the foe
 The pow'rs of RINGWOOD ALE.

Nor these alone the bev'rage quaff,
 Gay folks from far and near,
 Attend at eve the friendly laugh,
 And carve the Royal Deer.
 And should the Forest Wardens pry,
 But little 'twill avail,
 For still they get the rich supply
 And quaff the RINGWOOD ALE.

When spring leads up her hours of bliss,
 I'll fly from LONDON's gloom,
 And flow'r-crown STOUR and AVON kifs
 By CERDIC's sculptur'd tomb.
 And o'er the Forest Fallow Deer,
 With Christ Church lads regale,
 And charm the heart, the eye, the ear,
 O'er merry RINGWOOD ALE.

HOW SWIFT THE GUINEAS FLY!

FOR swiftnefs some the eagle prize,
 The swallow most approve ;
 The tuneful lark that mounts the skies,
 And some the fleeting dove :
 Of objects swifter far in flight,
 Who will may hear me sing,
 E'en such as soar beyond the fight
 Of many a mortal thing,

O

Nor

Nor dove, nor eagle fly so swift,
 Nor lark that mounts on high,
 As most lament, who 're friends to thrift—
 Mark how the Guineas fly!

Each rising sun brings on my care,
 For all the Zodiac round,
 To feed the hungry, clothe the bare,
 By nat'ral ties I'm bound;
 'Tis here a bonnet, there a cloak,
 A suit or furcoat now,
 The while my complaints they turn to joke,
 Or little thanks allow.
 'Tis thus I'm doom'd to pass my days,
 God's! often send supply;
 For, O ye pow'rs, that mark our ways,
 How swift the Guineas fly.

For scents and washes Betty flies,
 And fair Maria too,
 The milk of Roses now they prize,
 And now Olympian dew;
 My thoughtless boys have trotting nags,
 And leave the sound of Bow.

(Led on by foxes, or by stags,) HOW SWIFT
 For senseless tally-ho.
 These scents and washes, idle trash,
 Ye Gods! my girls deny;
 O teach my sons to spare the lash,
 For swift the Guineas fly.

Each setting sun surveys my care,
 Beholds my sighing breast,
 As if it kindly bore ashare,
 Sinks sadly in the west.

Now

Now pleasure's train invites away,
 To balls, to plays, they run;
 Trick'd out in rainbow colours gay,
 Nor heed the coming dun:
 'Tis thus I'm doom'd to pass my days,
 Gods! often send supply,
 For, O ye pow'rs, that mark our ways,
 How swift the Guineas fly!

With dancing dogs and learned pigs,
 Where Gulman* gives the word;
 With scented belles and senseless prigs,
 No longer let them herd;
 But soon admire what's dear to me,
 Though scorn'd by Folly's set,
 Fair Prudence and blest Industry,
 That 'scape the town Gazette:
 But O! I fear my prayers are vain,
 That still I'm doom'd to sigh;
 For still they laugh when I complain
 How swift the Guineas fly!

Wife, sons, and daughters, all conspire
 To shrink my frugal purse;
 And, though but caution I require,
 No dog is treated worse;
 With angry brows the mutt'ring crew
 Thus cross my good design;
 "We do but as our neighbours do,
 "Whose means are less than thine,"
 To wealth and worth my daughters bring,
 My sons with gold supply;
 Then, O ye pow'rs, no more I'll sing,
 How swift the Guineas fly!

* One who acquired two thousand pounds by teaching a Pig to entertain the Public, while that Public suffered the philosophical J. Ferguson to perish for want.

TO
A ROBIN
SINGING IN THE
TEMPLE GARDENS.

"Locusta quærit sibi cibum."

SWEET Minstrel of the Autumn wing thy way,
Ah! little doth thou heed where thou art got;
The forms that listen round thy peaceful lay
Are foes to quiet and respect thee not.
Within this ample pale so fair to view
A thousand subtle Lawmen constant dwell,
Direful oppression's unrelenting crew,
Big with more evils than the tongue can tell.

Fly then, O fly! kind bird, a space so vile,
From whence injustice like a torrent flows;
Yielding more monsters than the shores of Nile,
A nidus pregnant with the worst of woes!
For how should those who spread eternal fear,
Who rob by licence and such ills dispense;
Forbear (gay charmer of the falling year)
To wound thy unprotected innocence.

Come follow warbler to my humble cell,
Too mean to meet the Lawmen's costly call;
And there beneath my straw-thatch'd cover dwell,
And pick the scanty crumbs that chance to fall;
From morn till evening trill thy sweetest song,
No low design shall hurt thy crimson breast;
No cunning Templer dare to do thee wrong,
We'll sing together, and together rest.

LINGFIELD;

LINGFIELD;

OR,

THE CIRCUMAMBIENT PROSPECT:

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD*, AUGUST, 1788.

INSCRIBED TO THE

Rev^d. THOMAS WALKER,

VICAR OF CROWHURST.

WHILST Autumn courts the glowing beam,
The Muse to friendship true,
O Walker! consecrates the Theme
To LINGFIELD and to you.

Hear then the song that CARE beguiles,
As Rapture gives it birth,
That spreads the peaceful cheek with smiles,
And wakes the soul to mirth,

I sing of LINGFIELD's cooling groves
Beneath this Summer sky,
Where HEALTH in dewy Sandal roves
To beam the brilliant eye.

Where Hills around, while Cattle browse,
Their varied tints unfold,
And Pippins bend their burthen'd boughs,
To tempt with fruits of Gold.

* A beautiful situation, commanding, at one view, the whole wield of Kent.

Where

Where curls the hop, and where to charm,
 Peace sits on ev'ry stile
 From B STOCK's ever fertile farm
 To BURROW's* friendly pile.

Old LINGFIELD, though thy crimson Haws,
 Bespread the shady Thorn,
 A greater bliss my Fancy draws
 From yon bright fields of Corn.

There Parent Providence displays
 A more than lib'ral plan,
 Ah, would that Man would mark his ways,
 And do the like by Man.

While round he spreads the golden bliss,
 Go WEALTH, he sings so free,
 Go! haste, thy Neighbours cheer with this
 As I have cherish'd Thee.

While gay the Vines† on ev'ry Cot
 Their juicy stores present,
 The humble Tenants tell their lot
 With looks of sweet Content.

Blest scenes of PEACE and INNOCENCE,
 Should BRITON's foe come near,
 May that kind Pow'r divert them hence,
 Who gives the fertile year.

Thy Common, Lingfield, worth contains,
 The Drops that Life renew,
 A Spring, ‡ to purify the veins
 And spread the rosiest hue.

* A monumental pile, raised by the late Sir James Burrows, to the memory of a favourite old horse, which greatly enriches the landscape.

† A very pleasant grape-wine is made here.

‡ Of the same quality as that at Tunbridge.

Yon silver Spire tow'rs high to tell
Of CROWHURST's yew-dress'd Hill,
Where Angels * took delight to dwell,
And hang their Trophies still.

Blest scenes, where I such charms review,
And more than welcome find,
May all thy village maids be true,
And all thy shepherds kind.

Old LINGFIELD ever bold appear,
For thou hast much to boast,
As mighty Lords have flourish'd here,
As ever grac'd our coast.

These rev'rend tombs that round me rise,
To all declare the fame,
Here at rest great COBHAM † lies,
And HOWARDS dear to FAME.

And that stone-crofs, ‡ reproving guile,
To REG'NALD's mem'ry giv'n,
Who rais'd this consecrated pile,
To fit the soul for Heav'n.

There many a tonsor'd saint || is laid
Beneath yon sculptur'd brass,
And many a beauteous village maid,
Below this tufted grass.

* Once the seat, and still the burial place of the Angels, to whom the manor belongs.

† Reginald Lord Cobham, the founder of this noble Church.

‡ From whom the estate passed to the noble family of Howard, but the present possessor is ——— Nicholls, Esq; Member for Bletchingly.

|| Lord Cobham built an ample College in this Church-yard, in the time of Henry VIth. for Carthusians; many of the priests are buried here, and their brass monuments have wonderfully escaped the tooth of time.

Tread light ye swains the mould'ring heap,
 Once fresh as thou art now,
 Within thy sturdy fathers sleep,
 And here perchance shalt thou.

Farewell, kind lads*, whose vales gave birth,
 To many a Baron brave,
 And when thy Poet's laid in earth,
 Sing ditties o'er his grave.

And should you twine the wreath for me
 The while it hangs to view,
 Think on the friend that sung for thee
 From motives kind and true.

Farewell the friend that claims my song,
 I still would dwell with you;
 But ah! I go to join the throng,
 So LINGFIELD sweet adieu.

HOW CAN YOU BLAME?

WHERE a cluster of hazels had fashion'd a shade,
 An artless young swain and a shepherdess stray'd;
 No creature was near to obtrude on their bliss,
 When the youth unawares stole an innocent kiss;
 Pastora upbraided, and vow'd 'twas a shame,
 But he kiss'd her again, and cry'd, how can you blame?

* The people are remarkable for civility and hospitality.

He us'd ev'ry effort his mind could suggest,
 To shew her that honour was still in his breast :
 He sung her a sonnet, the best that he knew,
 And made her fine presents as lovers will do ;
 Still she frown'd when she found that a kiss was his claim,
 But he kiss'd her again, and cry'd, How can you blame?

Quoth the shepherd, believe me, to love is no crime,
 'Twas taught to our race on the birth-day of time ;
 All nature declares it, our ewes how they love ;
 In spring mark the sparrow, the linnnet and dove—
 Here he kiss'd her soft cheek, while it redden'd with shame,
 But he kiss'd it again, and cry'd, How can you blame?

Should thy dad know of this, love, he never can chide,
 He once lov'd to kiss, and thy mother beside,
 There's nothing, believe me, of hurt in a kiss,
 The infant new-born may partake of the bliss—
 Here the swain stole another, she talk'd of her fame,
 But he kiss'd her again, and cry'd, How can you blame?

Love, who'd been laughing to see the young maid,
 Commended the shepherd, and flew to his aid ;
 He took from his quiver the best pointed dart,
 Gave his bow-string a twang, and it found out her heart ;
 The youth saw the change, and to cherish the flame,
 Sweetly kiss'd her again, and cry'd, How can you blame?

O Damon ! she said, we of love must beware,
 Tho' kisses are sweet, they may harbour a snare ;
 If my swain is sincere, let him make me a wife,
 Then none but my Damon shall kiss me for life :
 They waited i npatient, at length the day came,
 When the fair one forgot her young shepherd to blame.

CONTENT within my sphere I muse,

If small my wealth, I've less to lose,

What then have I to break my rest?

Nor bolts, nor bars, nor iron chest,

Jove glads me day by day at least,

With just enough, and that's a feast:

Miser go provoke thy doom,

Starve for GOLD, but say for whom?

When the sexton brings his spade,

To fill the hole where thou art laid,

What is all this GOLD to thee?

A cup of wine is more to me,

One perhaps thou valu'd not,

Who sigh'd to see thy body rot,

Diffipates like dust in air,

The cause of all thy mighty care.

Or, like thee, in Mammon's haunt,

Hides the cure for Care and Want,

Either way it matters not,

Curst is the miser's lot;

Come then, Gripsus, learn of me,

Live the foe of penury,

Ev'ry day I take this text,

Save enough to live the next.

Now I'll take my gen'rous wine,

Roses round my temples twine,

Such as fam'd Anacreon wore,

While he drain'd the purple store,

Having fill'd to pleasure TIME,

I give this sentiment sublime,

May the Miser never prove

More than GOLD—the joys of Love.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. SHARP,

MILLER OF NEWPORT, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

HUSH'D be the noisy clack of yonder Mill,
And thou MEDINA*, cease awhile to flow,
The busy hand of industry be still,
For Death has laid the Master Miller low.

Clos'd is that nice discriminating eye,
Which well descried the worth of ev'ry grain;
Mute is that tongue which never made reply,
To wake the blush, or give to Virtue pain.

Cease! cease! sweet Redbreast, drop thy cheerful tune;
The hand that fed thee must no more appear,
To deal to pinching penury its boon,
And wipe from Sorrow's eye the trickling tear.

Our SHARP is gone protector of the Plough†,
Who urg'd the Standard bushel for the poor;
HANTONIAN shepherds pluck the Cypress bough,
Now VECTA's honest Miller is no more.

Blest by the Muse beyond a Miller's skill,
To him the higher praise of lore is due,
He sang your Island, every Vale and Hill,
Warm in your Praise, and to your Int'rest true,

Mild and accommodating was the Man,
The tender Husband, Father, and the Friend;
Go thou, pursue the Newport Miller's plan,
Rever'd in Life, lamented in his end.

* The River that runs through Newport.

† He was much attached to improvements in Agriculture.

THE CHOICE.

ERE Phœbus from Aries directs his faint beams,
To melt the pale snow and the ice on the streams,
This boon (with submission) great Jove, I require,
May I ne'er want good cheer, nor a friend by my fire!
If my purse should prove light, and my cellar be dry,
May I ne'er want a patron to deal a supply!
So Ben sang of old, his petition was heard,
And relief from the hand of good Falkland appear'd.

In chusing that friend, Pallas, thou be my guide;
O, shield me from folly, from ign'rance and pride;
From the wretch who will smile in your face, whilst his heart
Is the source of deceit, and the store-house of art;
From the cold flinty bosom, that ne'er heav'd a sigh
When the sorrowful wreck of oppression was by.
I ask not such trifles, Minerva, as these,
They ne'er meet my eye, but they rob me of ease.

I ask not the Atheist (bright Author of blifs),
Of all that's obnoxious, defend me from this;
Nor the gloomy fanatic, conventicle thing,
From whose errors a thousand absurdities spring;
I ask not the fribble, averse to the bowl,
Let him trifle, o'er tea, with his Chloe condole;
I ask not the man to opinion a slave,
No volatile rattle, nor one who's too grave.

I ask not the gamester, the sot, nor the fool,
Nor he who's to party or faction a tool:
The man, mighty pow'r, I would chuse for my friend,
Should be one on whose faith I could always depend;

Who

Who ne'er favour'd the cause that he knows is not right,
 Nor flatter'd a Fool to be reckon'd polite;
 Who dares to be honest when times are the worst;
 Such an one could I meet with, my friendship I'd trust.

His mind I'd have fraught with a store of good sense,
 Well read, and his manners be free from offence;
 His tongue should the dictates of virtue obey,
 And reason reclaim him whenever astray;
 If such I could meet, I would constantly strive,
 Untainted to keep the dear blessing alive;
 And when Time shall bid me relinquish my breath,
 I'll chearfully smile upon friendship in death.

THE OLD OAK.

BENEATH this broad Oak, not a better to show,
 By my Grandfather planted a cent'ry ago,
 How peaceful I sit, while the moon spreads the Lake,
 And the Readbreast trills Autumn's sweet song in the brake;
 With my pipe and my pot, and my dame by my side,
 I send forth the perfume obnoxious to pride;
 Till Goodwin, the Vicar, revives at the gale,
 Quits his porch to sit by me, and teems out the ale.

Our Lads and our Lasses inspir'd with the scene,
 To the crack'd-croust of Collin dance round on the green;
 The kind kifs of friendship flies swift as they move,
 To the Rustic's loud laugh, or the Sonnet of Love;
 'Tis peaceful Humility dictates the treat,
 No Courtier approaches to damp with deceit;
 Thus rural felicity gladdens the vale,
 While Goodwin sits by me to teem out the ale.

No longer derang'd by the wild-fires of youth,
 I listen well-pleas'd to his lessons of truth;
 Now deal my opinion in turn for his saws,
 Point the mis'ry of strife when ambition's the cause;
 With the terrors of War thro' the nations may cease,
 And Monarchs delight in the blessings of Peace;
 The Vicar attends to Humanity's tale,
 Wipes the tear from his eye as he teems out the ale.
 The village clock strikes, as time floats down the breeze,
 And the moon is now hiding her face in the trees;
 When Goodwin reminds those who toil for their bread,
 Should to Temperance bend, and go early to bed;
 Dame quits the old Oak, thanks the priest for his care,
 While the lasses and lads to their pillows repair;
 My pipe is burnt out, Goodwin tells his last tale,
 And blesses us all as he teems out the ale.

MY BOTTLE AND BIRD.

A PLAGUE on those mortals whom dæmons bewitch,
 To starve themselves living, in hopes to die rich;
 Here goes the last guinea, I change it with glee,
 For my Bottle and Bird has more raptures for me;
 This takes away hunger, the other conspires
 To warm me for Phillis with matchless desires;
 Then give me ye gods while existence I court,
 My BIRD of true game, and my BOTTLE OF PORT.
 When Time calls to lead up the dog and the gun,
 To the stubble at day break with Dido I run;
 There springs the brown covey, and round as they fly,
 With an aim ever fatal bring down a supply;

Returning

Returning, if chance throws a friend in my way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the day;
Then I press him sincere to partake of my sport,
My delicate BIRD, and my BOTTLE OF PORT.

'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts to men,
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and ten;
With the Muse he could sport as the Landscape he trod,
And compose his sweet lays with the soul of the God;
This theme's still delightful and pleasing to me,
As the sweets of the Spring to the taste of the bee,
Like the rosy-brow'd Bard let me constantly sport,
O'er my BIRD of true game, and my BOTTLE OF PORT.

While Ambition stalks forth with pestiferous breath,
And sweeps like a fiery-tail'd comet to death;
Whilst fools bleed for Tyrants, the scourges of earth,
Who repay with ingratitude talents and worth:
While P— fets the nations around by the ears,
And covers the cheek of the matron with tears;
Let me scorn all his measures, and amity court,
O'er my BIRD of true game, and my BOTTLE OF PORT.

Now here goes a brimmer, sweet Peace to the world,
Be its foes to the dark pits of Erebus hurl'd;
And, O may its advocates never want wealth,
A bosom unclouded, a brow deck'd with health;
May Love, Mirth, and Friendship, for ever engage,
To bless them in youth, nor forsake them in age;
To the sports of the field may they ever resort,
And ne'er want a FRIEND, and a BOTTLE OF PORT.

GRATUITOUS EPITAPH

ON THE LATE

JUSTICE RUSSELL*.

RUSSELL is dead! and what shall make us laugh,
Has left a purse to buy an Epitaph;
He, who while living, but employ'd his thought,
To gripe the needy, and to save his groat;
And this beside—*To stop the Widow's tear?*
Ah! Virtue, no, what thou must blush to hear;
To raise a column to perpetuate,
The meanest Mortal ever struck by fate.
A wretch so vile, that on his dying night,
He robb'd his infant offspring of their right;
Ye feeling Sires, who ask the reason why?
But to enrich a Public Charity!

Child of the Muse, who sings the Poet's part,
Go strike the door that opens to the heart;
Then ask of Virtue, still to Justice true,
If one fair plaudit is this monster's due?
Justice and Virtue, shouldst thou there enquire,
Must answer, "No!"—and bid thee "hence retire."

Go, Record, hang this tablet to the view,
To shew what meanness at the last could do.

* Mr R. ordered, in his last will, that two thousand pounds should be laid out to raise a monument to his memory, and one hundred pounds to purchase him an Epitaph. He requested Dr. Johnson might be applied to for the purpose; but on being informed that the Doctor would not flatter at the expence of truth, he desired the Parson of the parish might be employed on the business.

